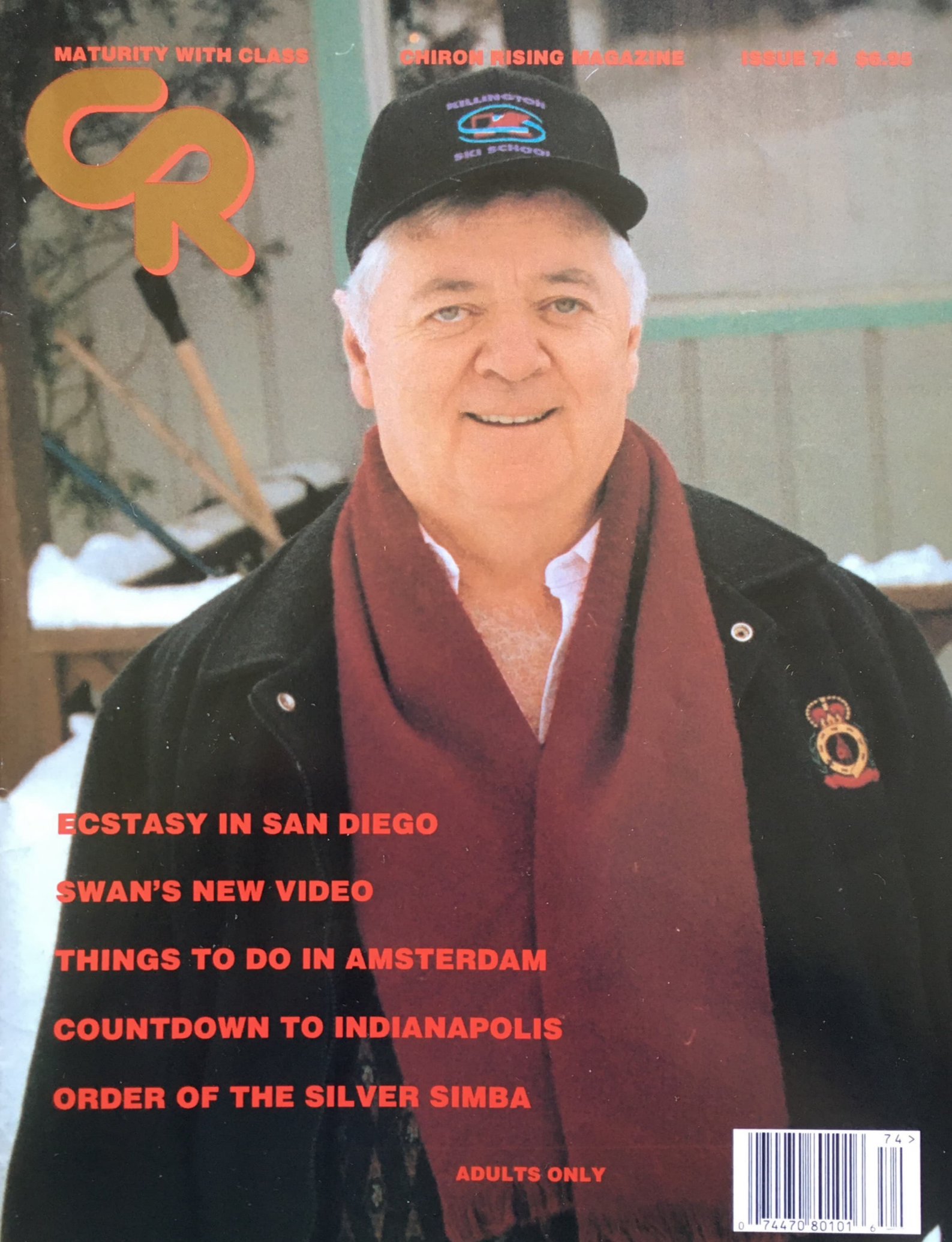
MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 74 $6.95

# CR




ECSTASY IN SAN DIEGO

SWAN'S NEW VIDEO

THINGS TO DO IN AMSTERDAM

COUNTDOWN TO INDIANAPOLIS

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

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BAMA
PHOTO BY JACK

# CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 74

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**CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE**

**PUBLISHER:** Bruce A. Vaughan
**EDITOR:** Patrick H. Colley
**ART DIRECTOR:** Allan Lucas
**PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS:**
Chocolad, Michael Deveau, Joel, Macro, Manny, Marshal, Mr. Rupert
**PRINCIPAL WRITERS:**
D.W. Breckenridge, Ken Burke, Roy Elmo, Giraffe, Papa Bear, Pug Snider, Tecumseh
**PRINCIPAL ARTISTS:**
Aaron, James L. Hawkins, Kemush, Ram, Quetzal

**MODELS, CONTRIBUTING WRITERS, ARTISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS:**
Our Subscribers
**FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHY:**
ANDREW

**CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.**

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS:**
P. Colley, B. Vaughan, J. Bennett, E. Wagner, S. Smith
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Allan Lucas
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Harry Berman
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Dick Kasakaitis

**CRPI GENERAL OFFICES:**
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393

Telephone or Fax: (619) 868-6371

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All correspondence should be addressed to CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Telephone and facsimile: (619) 868-6371. Business hours: 9am - 5 pm, Pacific, Monday through Friday.


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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Correspondence address is as shown above

# CONTRIBUTOR PROFILES

## MODELS

FRONT COVER:

**J.P.B. de MONTRÉAL**: 66, 5'-5", 180#, Montréal, in a closed relationship. He likes music, computers, dancing, good food, travel, his man. Looking for correspondents, any age, anywhere. Will answer all letters received..

Page 2:

**BAMA**: 56, 5'-8", 195#, Mid-Atlantic Coast, single. Likes older men and travel. Looking for friends and relationships.

Page 12:

**ARIES II**: 64, 6 ft., 300#, Jersey Shore, single. Has a passion for culture, travel, humor, conversation. Looking for intuitive, diverse, affectionate, successful, 40+ gentleman who is fit, classy and mellow.

**BOB ROBERGE**: 64, 5'-9", 214, Palm Springs, single. Likes masculine single men, 40 to 64. Loves dinner out, shows, movies, parties, soft (as apposed to bang-bang) sex.

**MARK & DAVID**: 37/56, 5'-10"/ 6'-1", 269#/180#, Southeast Wisconsin, in a closed relationship. Like racing, NASCAR, Indy. David owns and drives his own race car. Looking for friends that they can get to know from writing and possibly meeting one day. They are monogamous.

Page 13:

**WIL**: 67, 5'-8", 155#, Vermont, single. Likes gardening, cooking, reading, walking, good talk, good sex, humor. Looking for masculine, hairy, beard, trim-solid body, 45-70 for friendship/relationship.

**KERYAS**: 68, 5'-8", 185#, South Coast of England, in an open relationship with CR model WILLIAM ON HASTINGS. Likes music, cookery, countryside, travel, entertaining visitors. Looking for friendly singles/ couples, 25 plus.

**CLEAR**: 41, 5'-8", 160#, New Jersey, single. Likes music, movies, gardening, home, quiet evenings. Looking for older masculine men who are looking for a relationship, one-on-one.

**MASSACHUSETTS BILLY**: 41, 5'-5", 160#, Franklin, MA, single. Likes reading, music, hugging & kissing, movies, quiet times at home. Looking for close relationship with age 40-60s, in good health, no drugs, someone to make him happy and enjoy life.

Page 17:

**VICTOR THE BLUEBIRD**: 65, Pennsylvania, single. Likes dining in good restaurants and TNN music. Looking for a good steady friend, 26-49, for relaxed times.

Page 18:

**THOM:** our most featured model and hall of famer, lives in Austin with CR photographer, JOEL. They enjoy a loving open relationship.

**LAWMAN**: 55, 6'-2", 201#, Oklahoma, single. Likes older men and reading for pleasure. Looking for one honest man.

Page 24:

**BARNEY**: 35, 6'-0", 185#, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Likes older men, golf, music, theater, having fun in the sun. Looking for older men, 55+, who enjoy the company of a younger southern gentleman.

Page 25:

**ICEMAN**: 21, 5'-10", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes country-western dancing, travel, music, outdoors, and chewing ice. He's looking for hairy bottom men, 28-55 (sometimes top), who just love to have fun.

Page 27:

**THOM**: (see above)

**J.R. OF TEXAS**: 58, 6 ft., 220#, Texas, single. He likes partying, camping, good times, and travel. Looking for friends, fun and good humor.

Page 28:

**DICKSON HILLS**: 46, 6'-3", 190#, New York, single. Likes working out every day, exhibitionism. Would love to dispel the rumor that all English are reserved. He's trying to get into the adult model and escort business Would enjoy meeting and posing for people all over the U.S.

Page 29:

**FURRY DADDY**: 57, 6'-1", 265#, Midwest, in an open relationship with CR model AVIATOR. He likes computers, travel, theater, classic movies, composing ballads. Looking for pen-pals, new friends. Partial to hairy, husky cubs, 30s-40s.

Page 30:

**GLEN OF ENGLAND**: 59, 5'-5", 147#, London, single. Likes arts, music, writing, nudism. Looking for "no strings" pen friends for frank exchanges.

Page 31:

**BOSTON BILL**: 65, 5'-9", 220#, Boston, single. He likes conversation, cooking, music, reading, travel, movies, cuddling, etc. He's looking for social friends of any age and one special younger man to share life with.

Page 32:

**JOE-L**: 65, 5'-10", 155#, San Antonio, single. Likes RVing, boating, movies (he's a Trekkie). Looking for younger men, ages 28-35.

Page 33:

**CAMO**: 65, 5'-9", 190#, San Diego and Missouri, single. Likes travel in warm climates, crowds, social activities, nudism, home life, long sessions of foreplay, frequent sex. Looking for lifetime soul mate, 40-60 (retired a plus) who is com-

fortable living with a very openly gay romantic.

Page 34:

**RON OF NEW MEXICO**: 45, 5'-7", 190#, Ribera, New Mexico, in an open sharing relationship. He loves life, music, men, camping, outdoors, exercise, horses and partying. He and his partner are looking for people, couples or singles who enjoy sharing life, love, togetherness, laughter, travel, and good times.

Page 38:

**J. FRED**: 76, 6 ft., 290#, Wales U.K., in an open relationship. Likes travel, photography, meeting friends, everything American. Looking for age 40-55, heavy set, hairy, beards, moustaches (a plus).

Page 40:

**ALASKA AL**: 69, 5'-8", 235#, Alaska, in an open relationship. Likes short, smooth-skinned chubbies for fun and games. Not looking for lover (have one)—just good friends.

Page 47:

**AMANTE DEL AMOR**: 33, 5'-8", 160#, Mexico City, in a closed relationship. Likes movies, theater, cooking, soccer, traveling, and dining out. Looking for new friends with which to socialize with partner of two years.

**MARC BY THE SEA**: 30s, 6'-3", 196#, California and Europe, in an open relationship. He's educated and speaks 5 languages. Likes outdoor activities, horses, motorcycles (does not have to be shared by elder friends), antiques, art, travel. Looking for older gentleman, 66+ years, 220#++, who does not mind a straight environment.

**BULLO:** 38, 5'-5", 170#, Louisiana, single. Likes quality time with a mature, 60+ gentleman. Looking for a monogamous relationship.

Page 48:

**SEATTLE SCORPIO**: 62, 5'-10", 150#, Seattle, single. Likes home life, reading, pipe organ music, classic cars, house projects, sharing. Looking for uncut, in-shape, clean-shaven, healthy man who has no addition to alcohol, nicotine or drugs. He plans on moving to San Diego.

**SAN DIEGO SUNSHINE**: 65, 5'-11", 155#, San Diego, in a relationship. Likes gardening, walking, travel, reading a good novel. Looking for friendship with slender, warm, honest, gentle, and understanding gay men for correspondence and possible exchange of visits.

**GOOD DAD III:** 56, 6'-2", 200#, Mid-Hudson, New York, single. Likes films, cyberspace, travel, theater, hiking. Looking for 18-30s who appreciates nurturing by mature man.

Page 49:

**SENIOR SATYR**: 72, 5'-8", 148#, Fort Myers, Florida, single. Likes theater, gourmet food, traveling, and sex (especially performing fellatio). Looking for a compatible man to share the next thirty years of my life.

**M.G.**: 37, 5'-6", 126#, near Orlando, single. Likes outdoors, camping, quiet times at home, cooking, lots of good loving. Looking for sincere and honest WM, late 50 and up, straight acting, with a good heart and in good health. Prefer normal weight, hairy okay.

**DENNY O'**: 39, 5'-8", 195#, Chicago, single. Likes camping, modern art, old cars, architecture, dogs, jazz, boating. Looking for 48-57, mature, masculine, stocky build (but not fat). Should be versatile, outgoing and available for quality time.

**WILLIAM-ON-HASTINGS**: 66, 5'-10", 235#, South Coast of England, in an open relationship with CR model KERYAS. Likes music, cookery, countryside, travel, entertaining visitors. Looking for friendly singles/couples, 25 plus.

Page 59:

**RADCLYFFE:** 54, 6'-1", 15.5 stone, England, in a personal relationship. Likes nudism, chess, walking, all types of music, indoor-outdoor sports. Looking for penfriends.

BACK COVER:

**PATRICK O'CONNOR**: 70, 5'-5", 190# Vermont, in an open relationship. He's a ski instructor, writer, poet, and dance/theater critic.

## PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

**MICHAEL DEVEAU** is a Realtor who lives in Palm Springs. He's really coming into his own in the area of photography and took quite a few shots at the San Diego Gathering. See his display ad in this issue.

**JOEL** lives in Austin with his lifemate, CR hall of famer and supermodel, THOM. They enjoy a loving, open relationship. JOEL is also a Hall of Famer and was a staff photographer in San Diego, where he was involved in still and video photography. We can't wait to see what he presents us with later.

**MACRO** lives in Utah with his fiftysomething burly bear. They enjoy a loving open relationship. Because of his phenomenal contributions to CR, he was inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Convention. MACRO took a group of men out to Black's Beach during the convention and took some awesome nude photography. Can't wait to see his offering too.

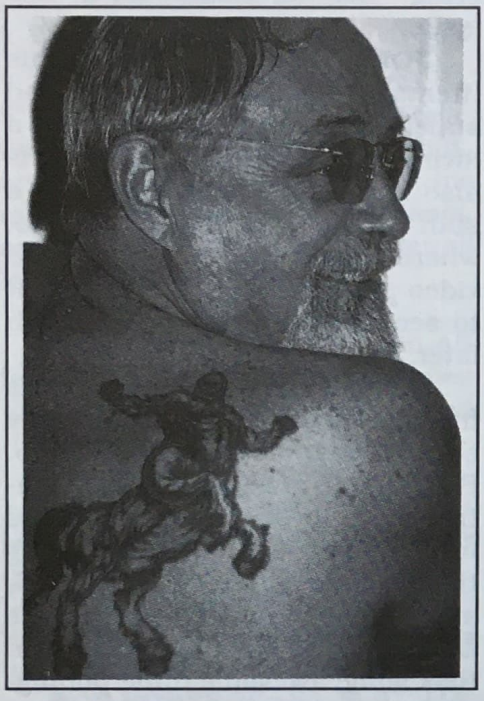
**MANNY** has been with us for years, but we had no idea that he was such a fine photographer. Now that we know, we're going to hound him relentlessly. He lives alone on the East Coast.

**NO, WE HAVEN'T CANNED THE ARTISTS. THEY ARE ALIVE AND WELL AND WORKING ON NEW STUFF. WE'LL PRESENT SOME OUTRAGEOUS NEW MATERIAL IN THE NEXT ISSUE.**

**AND SPEAKING OF ARTISTS, CR IS COMMISSIONING A NEW CRPI LOGO AND A CARTOON MASCOT. SEE ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THIS ISSUE FOR DETAILS.**

# FORUM

## ILLUSTRATED MAN



Just a note to tell you I found this at the library: Centaurs were wild creatures who always caused trouble, except for Chiron, who was good and brought up Achilles. The guy who did the artwork for my tattoo is in San Francisco, and he is doing a Pan for my other shoulder. RICHARD/Texas

*RICHARD is a transplanted Californian who now lives in central Texas. He says he's turning into a redneck cowboy, but I've never seen a redneck with a centaur on his back. RICHARD's other tattoos were featured in CRC #8. PHC*

## THE TROLL SYNDROME

I'm writing firstly to thank you. CR has opened up a new world for me and made me realize that I should be proud to feel the way I do. As a 21-year-old college student who has always liked older men, life sometimes gets confusing. For me, it has not been too difficult to accept being gay, but trying to understand why I like older men gets a little more tricky. In exploring my feelings, I got a lot of bad advice from many people who couldn't relate. I was even confronted by a "friend" who suggested that I "lacked the self-confidence to pick up anything but old trolls who'd go after anything [my] age." That hurt, because I wasn't sure that it wasn't true. So I decided I'd bite the bullet and date people my own age for a change. And after going on a few dates with "good looking people my own age," I realized that it wasn't about my lack of self-confidence, but that I truly had an interest in older men. And then I discovered a copy of CR at a local bookstore, which made me feel even better about my newly found self-awareness. To realize that there are lots of others out there just like me was a great feeling. And your magazine has such a familiar, compassionate feel that it was just like the good advice I had needed all along. Many people don't understand the attraction, but it is genuine and you guys have some serious guts to stand up and celebrate your diversity. I thank you for giving all us dirty young men a voice, too. I recently had the pleasure of meeting one of your models, THE MAGICIAN, as he and I live in the same town. He recently took me to a Prime Timers meeting, and I have never had such an interesting day. Can you imagine my surprise? I looked out and there were several people from the pages of CR standing right in front of me. I thought I was going to wake up and find it had been all a dream. All I have to say is that I am very proud to have become a part of the fine group of men you have "assembled" as part of the CR family, because they are the friendliest, warmest people I should ever hope to meet. K.V./Georgia

## ANOTHER DIRECT HIT FOR THE ORLANDO CUPID

I was given a donated registration and traveled to the '95 Gathering from Seattle. While there I met the love of my life who lives in Texas. We just moved to San Antonio and have a lovely family of two standards, one cat and each other. I want to thank CR for being there! I am a personal friend of GENE WAGNER for 6 years. He introduced me to CR. J.P./Texas

## PETER PATROCLUS

A short time ago I sent a letter to model PETER PATROCLUS. You must have forwarded my letter very fast, because I got a reply in less than two weeks. My letter was sent back with "deceased" written on it. I thought you should know. It was my first letter to a model, and I hope it caused no problems for those who received it. I lost my companion of 15 years about a year ago. I'm 55 and very lonely. I really thank you for being there. Now I know there are other people like me out there. G.W./Ohio

*The following note was received about the same time as G.W.'s letter:*

This man is deceased! Do not send any more of these filthy magazines to this name and address. (Anonymous)

## HISSES FROM THE BIG APPLE

I've been on board since the SWAN days and am so proud of your accomplishments and improvements. You guys are angels! However, I do have a grievance: All of the Gatherings are held in the southwest or southeast parts of the U.S. Nice, but living in the northeast—in the state of

New York, born and bred in the city of New York—I find this geographic discrimination bothersome and puzzling. Please consider having a Gathering in NYC. We're a nice place and all will be welcome! J.T./New York

*We've done studies on having the Spring Gathering in just about every major city in the U.S. We look closely at factors such as a hotel's room rates, catering costs, capacity, gay-friendliness, and nearness to outside attractions. For a four-day convention with all stops pulled, no hotels can beat the Radisson Twin Towers Orlando or San Diego's Town & Country. Las Vegas, for instance, is a great destination as regards all factors except the fourth. San Francisco gets an A+ for capacity, outside attractions and friendliness, but a D for room and food costs. Manhattan is similar, and we're not that sure of the reception we'd get from one of the larger hotels. After we determine which hotel will welcome us, however, we intend to have a one-day event in New York (as in Indianapolis, delegates may choose to stay at the host hotel for as long as the party lasts), possibly as soon as November of this year. We'll call it the "Subway Assembly" and make it a Saturday night that Manhattan will not soon forget. See more on CRPI Events in this issue. PHC*

## BEREAVEMENT

I regret not being able to attend the San Diego Gathering, for I was very interested in your planned workshop on bereavement. Hope it worked out okay. I've been there, so I know how much pain the survivors are enduring and how difficult it would be for you to address the subject in a workshop. I acknowledge your compassion for those passing this particular milestone in their lives, but I would advise you not to expect profound, healing insights from a distinguished panel of scholars, especially if none has suffered the death of a mate. A.S./San Francisco

Our society offers no answers for the bereaved. When terminal illness strikes, it assaults the host and to a slightly lesser degree his loved ones. It takes away the host and devastates the lives of everyone close to him. There is no medical treatment offered for bereavement. One has to "ride it out." Too many support organizations reach out with bogus, politically inspired bullshit. The church offers their pat It's-God's-Will-*Pax-Vobiscum* rhetoric. Medicine hasn't a fucking clue. Doctors aren't even aware of the fact that bereavement is a disease. After prescribing the last hit of morphine, the doctor is finished except for a few sedatives and perhaps some antidepressants for the survivors. Out of billing, out of mind. All your patients die? Advertise for more! Religious dogma persists: we must all suffer in order to reach salvation. The guy who invented the first pain reliever was no doubt an atheist. D.B./Seattle

I wanted to get back with you and let you know how I'm doing. As you know, I've received many letters, and I have got to tell you that I've discovered where the real love of mankind is. I've never gotten such love from what were once total strangers but are now like very close friends. You call it family. It feels like home to me. I must tell you that the letters and the calls were all that sustained me. The church is not in a building; it's alive and well in the hearts and minds of the men who read CR. To all of you who wrote, I thank you. Your sympathy, advice, love, and most of all, understanding, was my only way through such a painful time. I have learned from men rich in wisdom just what balls it takes to continue. You reached out and listened. You spoke to my emotions and you nurtured them. There were times when a letter or note was what I needed to get by for an hour or the day. Many times we just cried over the phone together. I love you guys. I am surrounded by decent and beautiful men. There were letters from men that left no return, or I couldn't read the return. I want you to know that I read them all. The only way I can thank you is through CR. God bless you all. NORTH BAY JIM

## LAUGHING ON THE OUTSIDE, CRYING ON THE INSIDE

I went off on one of many trips to the Dallas adult book store and came upon your magazine. I must admit that it definitely wiped out that feeling that I was the only one in the world who felt like this. For just about all of my 45 years of life, I've always had this thing for older men, especially the portly variety. Seeing the classy photos, with and without clothes, in your magazine was really a turn-on for me. Just about every one of the models had the kind of face that made me want to get to know the personality behind it. You see, I am living my life as the song goes, "see the funny little clown," because I'm the kind of person who is always laughing on the outside but crying on the inside. I must admit I am a happily married family man, even though I have a craving that is just about to drive me out of my mind. As each day goes by, it gets just a little worse. Some days the feeling is almost uncontrollable. When I go to sleep at night, I think about older, heavy-set men; when I drive to work, I think of older, heavy-set men; and when I wake up in the morning, I think of older, heavy-set men. I know it would really be great to have someone to talk to who would understand, but I am just too chicken. I just cannot do that to my wife and kids. I just don't know what to do except keep up my journal on my computer. I know you can't answer me because I cannot leave my name and address, but I need to ask: Do the models in your magazine like guys in their forties who are not really overweight? Are your models the kind of guys that a person like me could talk to? The real reason I wanted to write was to thank you for letting me know that the feelings I have are shared by other men, and how much I really enjoyed your magazine. Even though I have to keep this side of my life and your magazine hidden, I will be looking forward to your next issue. C.J./Louisiana

*Dear C.J./Louisiana: I'd venture to say that the majority of our older, heavy-set models would love*

*to meet a man like you. A vast amount of our married readers are in your same situation. Quite a few of them, however, have done something positive about the craving by discreetly reaching out. If you travel regularly, why don't you rent a drop box or post office box in another city and get some correspondence going? Get on the internet and meet some guys who could make your life a lot less stressful. If you keep a journal hidden on your computer, then you can hide E-mail. Talk to some of our married readers about how they handle the situation. PHC*

## GATHERING '96 IN SAN DIEGO

*Gathering '96 is now behind us, and it's time to begin work on Gathering '97 in Orlando. Of course, we made some boo boos again, but we'll eventually get it down to a science. Some early comments:*

I just arrived home from the gathering yesterday, and I feel compelled to write you and thank you two for the incredible amount of work you must have done to make the gathering a reality. This was my first, and I didn't know quite what to expect, but I know that I never expected to be in the company of hundreds of gay men and find no attitude at all. I have never felt so comfortable and at ease around so many men before. We certainly do improve with age, as do our manners and our tolerance. Truly this was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. How fortunate it was for us to have had that little enclave all to ourselves, and two pools, no less. I loved the seminars and the recitals (such appropriate topics and lovely selection of music); the banquets were very nice, and the programs so satisfying; my room was comfortable and very clean; the hotel staff was courteous and seemed to try so hard to please; and best of all, I fell in love with each genuine human being that comprised the CR Family. Yours in the love of chocolate and all things sweet and sticky. L.F./Utah

In his Sunday speech, Patrick O'Connor described Pat Colley as being "cranky," but I find him more a tyrant. I was a witness to his tongue-lashing of the fellows in the spa and found it rather self-righteous and severe. Someone should lock him in his room next time. R.M./San Diego

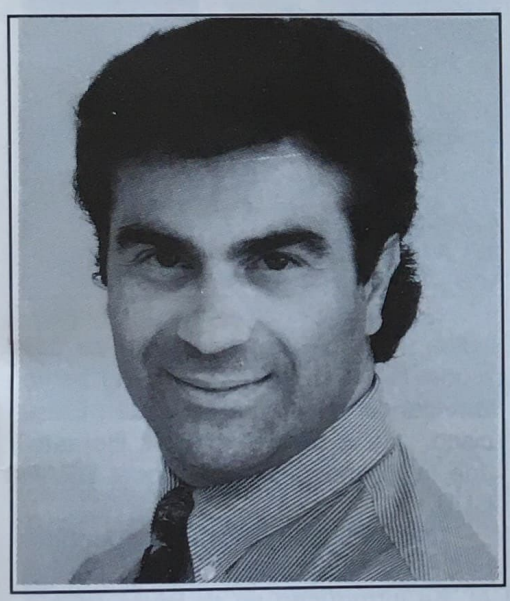
*Self-righteous is a bit of a stretch, but severe? If I have any regret over this convention, it is that I wasn't more severe. Complaints about randy and downright obscene behavior in the sunlit, exposed-to-God-and everybody hot tub reached me several times, so I conducted a "raid" one afternoon. While straight couples from another convention and hotel employees looked on, a few of our guys were putting on a water show that even the Roman Holiday wouldn't have allowed. I do acknowledge that there were guys innocently using the pool at the time, and I regret that they were exposed to my outburst, but the party had to be broken up. For those of you who still don't get it, do some research on what constitutes sexual harassment, and consider that three complaints were lodged by female employees of the hotel. Will I allow some exhibitionist with raging gonads to threaten CRPI? Do hens have teeth? An announcement, gentlemen: During all future gatherings, any CRPI stockholder or senior staff member will have the authority to expel anyone breaking his contract. Instead of one self-righteous asshole protecting the interest of CRPI, there will be fifty. PHC*

It is now May 28th. A couple of hours ago I returned from my first gathering in San Diego. I now have one major regret and complaint, and that is why in the hell did I wait this long to attend my first gathering. Was the gathering perfect? No, but neither were any of the many educational conferences I have attended in the last 27 years, where I have paid a lot more and received in return a lot less. The food could have been a little better; the drinks could have been a little cheaper; the weather could have been a little nicer; and the workshops could have been a little better organized. But there is no way the people could have been any more beautiful or any more friendly. Which makes me wonder how I escaped with only a minor sunburn, a severe eye strain from bulging out of my head most of the time, and a very sore tongue from hanging down to my knees. Did I have a good time? Yes, a thousand times over. Did I have any tricks? Yes, three, and one of the three was a repeater several times over. And to the many, many men who introduced me to so many other men, bless you. At the very least I was introduced to at least 200 wonderful human beings. And I was able to look at several hundred more. I am not the most outgoing person, and I was very scared when I arrived last Thursday afternoon. The first hour I hid down at the end of the big pool until someone came by and introduced himself. He then introduced me to several other people. That opened the door. I relaxed and during the next hour I truly thought I had died and gone to heaven. And when I do die and go to heaven, if it is not like that, I will ask to transfer to a warmer place where my real friends are. So for all of you who had a similar experience, wasn't it worth every penny and a whole lot more? And for you moaners and groaners who just had to find fault with everything, as far as I am concerned, stay home or at the very least stay the fuck out of my way next year. Please, dear God, if the last several days was only a dream, let me have it again this time next year. EVERGREEN/Seattle

My problem with the Gathering is the empty feeling I have now that it's over. The night before setting out to drive to San Diego, I was so excited that try as I did, I couldn't get to sleep. Questions in my head kept giving silent echos: "I hope I'm a good host and that I am able to do a satisfactory job. I hope they like me. I'm glad Denny is going to be around in case I have some questions. How many guys are going to be there? I wonder what the hotel will be like? I wonder if Osamu's artwork will be popular. Osamu works so hard at doing his job,

I want him to be successful." I could have saved my worries and stilled my questions. They loved Osamu's paintings, and he was a huge success. My job as a host was perfect. My ordinarily shy personality was able to use the host badge as a shield, and I released the part of me that says, "I'm Elsa Maxwell, and I think you're cute. What a swell party this is!" I had the brazen courage to walk up to fellows I liked and let them know it. I was able to tell Scott how handsome he is. Which Scott, you ask? All of 'em! Looking more like a stockbroker than a cartoonist, I swooned like a teenager over Quetzal's handsome face. I won't forget it. Again, hiding behind my badge, I actually went around hugging men I'd never seen before. "Hi," I said. "I'm a host here. If there's any little thing you need, just look me up and I'll do what I do best for you." My model persona, SHOE, said, "Shut up, you'll embarrass yourself!" Elsa responded with, "Oh! Don't pay him any attention, Deary. Ooo! Look at that gorgeous hunk over there. Let's you and I go over and give him our special welcome." So we did. Again and again until SHOE's feet were sore. SHOE also realized how much people liked him when at dinner the first night, he didn't bring his oxygen tank and got a little woozy. All sorts of folks ran out to help. He felt safe and warm with all his brothers being so solicitous over him. He asked Pat to assign him another job (SHOE was watching the entrance) to make up for it, but Pat said, "Bullshit. Come inside and eat. SHOE still wanted to make up for the lost time by standing guard over the outside of the Art Exhibit exit. He kept other hotel guests out and sent guys with no badges to the CR office. While there, sometimes Elsa would come out with, "Hi, welcome to the muses. Come right in! We have music and art inside. I'm Art, by the way!" Poor Elsa has to go back into hiding for another year. Maybe two. But SHOE hears her inside sometimes. She says, "Listen, Deary, the next time you see a beautiful hunk, just go on over and tell him so. You can blame it on me. I'm the one behind the badge." SHOE/Los Angeles

I want to be one of the first to congratulate and thank you for what you have done for my life as well as the lives of so many other men. I am honored to be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame. I hope that I can continue to be of service to CR. I talked with many men, and they were overwhelmed with the recital series. Some men attended all eight of the concerts. I hope we can do it again." JACOB/Washington



Salvatore Mulé
"Spartacus"

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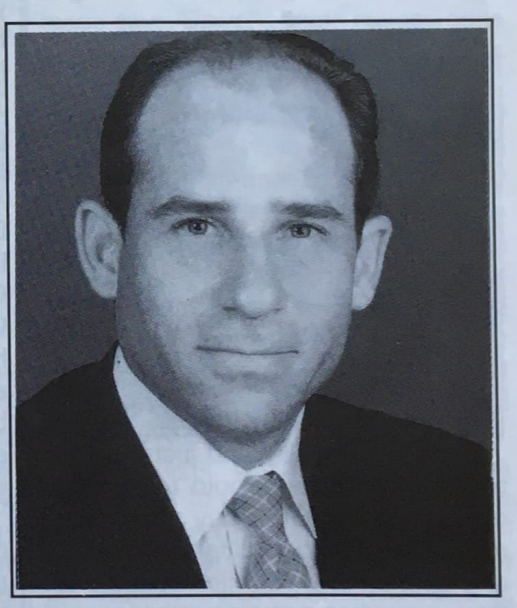

Jerome Jacolone
"Icarus"

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# memories of him

by p.h. colley

The friendships we've formed since the advent of SWAN have been so genuine and profoundly beautiful that pre-1985 events seem to have been only way stations upon a winding road leading us here. On this rapturous "island" we bond in lifelong relationships of body, mind and spirit, sharing both the sweet and the bittersweet. We are indeed a family here, a family that mobilizes in times of crisis and ultimate loss. We grieve over our departed family members and agonize over how to console the surviving lifemates. We know that all this is inevitable, yet still the feelings of loss are intense and with us always.

Someday maybe we'll figure out how to do more, but for now we'll be as positive as possible and celebrate the existence of these men who have greatly touched so many of our lives. The following men, though unseen and seemingly departed, will never be forgotten.

**LOU**

For congeniality and just plain fun to be around, few could top Florida couple BUZZ & LOU. They were a debonair pair with extraordinary good looks and easy smiles. Our first contact with them was when a photographer sent us a dazzling "strip tease" session featuring BUZZ. Other photos followed of both men, and we became friends.

BUZZ used to call us about once every couple of months just to keep in touch. A few months ago, however, I answered the phone and heard BUZZ utter the dreaded words I've heard so much of late. LOU was diagnosed as having pancreatic cancer, and the prognosis wasn't good. LOU refused chemotherapy and chose to live out the rest of his life at home around the man with whom he'd shared most of his life.

Harris J. Andrews died on March 13, 1996 in St. Augustine, Florida, with his lifemate, BUZZ, at his side.

A very subdued BUZZ bravely attended the Gathering. Although it was difficult for him not to stare off into the distance, he said that he enjoyed being there with the family of men who love him so much.

**JOE**

When Bruce and I met back in 1985, we didn't have much of a social life. Even after we started SWAN, there wasn't a whole lot of partying going on with us in mind. Getting an invitation to a soiree in La Crescenta changed all that, however. Joe and Al were among our very first subscribers. Joe, a powerfully built, handsome senior, was our very first contributing artist, known as MANFRIED. Al, younger and smaller-framed, is an old friend of Bruce. Through them, we met some wonderful guys who would go on to become SWAN and CR contributors. Hall of Famer AARON and photographer MIKE DEVEAU, among others, came into our lives at that wonderful place in La Crescenta, in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains. Joe and Al built a home in Yucca Valley then later bought a home in Palm Springs. Joe would become the president of the Prime Timers of the Desert, the largest Prime Timers chapter in the country.

As happens with so many of us today, Joe was short-changed by the medical establishment. A local angiogram test failed to show a serious problem, and it wasn't until much later in a hospital in Los Angeles that Joe's arterial blockage was found to be severe. His doctors decided upon emergency bypass surgery, but Joe's recovery was slow. After an extended stay in the L.A. hospital, Joe was advised that he could return home to Palm Springs in a couple of days. Al thought they were home free and returned to Palm Springs to prepare for his lifemate's return.

But life surprises us with so very many inconsistencies and incongruities. Tragically, incredibly, Joseph J. Hamel, 74, suffered a heart attack on April 19, 1996, and passed away. I heard about it quickly from others, but the sound of Al's voice when he called us wasn't any less shocking. His already low voice was an octave lower. It betrayed a hole in his soul big enough to drive through.

Through these first few weeks, however, he's shown amazing strength. He chooses a time to grieve in private and a time to get important things done. Wise enough to know his emotions can't be trusted, he stays put with dignity and is determined to defend all he and Joe have worked so many years for.

Al will make it. He promised Joe that he would.

**AL**

But there were two Joe and Al tragedies. Al Coles, also known as CR model RANGER AL, lost a long battle with cancer on April 20th in San Francisco. He is survived by his lifemate, Joe, also known as CR model BEAR CUB.

Joe has been a staunch supporter of CR for many years. Before he met Al, he introduced us to PAPA BEAR, which was a fateful meeting if there ever was one. After Al came along, we all became a lot closer, and in that delightful milieu of love, friendship and a magic mountain, PAPA BEAR dreamed up the concept of a gathering.

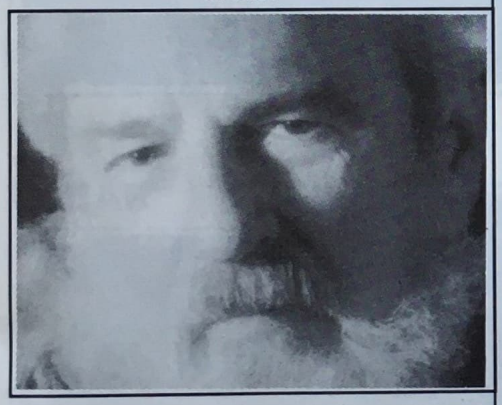
Life was sweet for Joe and Al. The rough spots had been ironed out, and it became evident that they were together for life. Business was brisk and the future looked bright. It was a stunning moment, therefore, when we met a

much thinner Al with Joe at a party at Kim and Frank's in Huntington Beach. Al whispered that doctors had found a tumor in his throat. They were in the process of awaiting the tumor's classification.

The news of the malignancy was met with a resolve to beat it, and much to our delight, the cancer went into remission after extensive chemotherapy. But as is the case so often, the malignancy resurfaced elsewhere in a major organ. Again, Al went through chemotherapy, this time with medication so toxic that it was known to kill weaker patients. Again, Al got better, only to relapse again.

The end came after midnight. Joe and Liebschen, the couple's dachshund were cuddled next to Al as he lingered in a morphine halfway zone. Joe later said that he heard a car door shut on the street and got up to investigate. Upon his return to the bed, Al smiled at him then closed his eyes. As Joe nestled against him, he felt Al take one last breath.

**JACK**



In CR #63 we featured OLD GOAT on the cover. Actually #63 was the "Old Goat" issue because the man was the subject of Bruce's IN CLOSING as well. Bruce told of my telephone contacts with an unidentified suicidal subscriber in Michigan—actually the front cover model, OLD GOAT, aka Jack Stuart. The piece had a positive spin, because at the time it was written Jack's suicide had been preempted by his brother's legal intervention (a state-employed doctor showed up and had him carted off to a psychiatric hospital) and Jack had been placed on antidepressants.

Jack's suicide intervention seemed to bring him back from the depths of a hellish lifetime of depression made worse by years of agonizing migraines. Doctors could now prescribe powerful antidepressants and super new medication for migraines, and Bruce and I were looking forward to a great friendship with the born-again Jack Stuart. We were sure of it when we met him for the first time at Gathering '95 in Orlando.

But on February first of this year, Jack wrote a note asking if we wanted all his back issues. He also donated a gift subscription instead of renewing his own. I tried to talk him into coming to San Diego, but he declined, explaining in a poignant letter why he was determined to take his own life. We thought of sharing his letter but decided that perhaps it might invade the privacy of his surviving partner, who is married and lives in another state . Suffice it to say that the letter was insightful and very upbeat and contained the following message: "Please don't see me as 'depressed,' for I feel 'up' and extremely content."

On May 17th, we received the following fax:

"This past Saturday night, May 11th, my dear friend, Jack Stuart, took an overdose of sleeping pills and died in his sleep. He was very appreciative of your support and encouragement over the past two years. I just thought you would like to know."

**DARREL**

Phelan is a small town on the alluvial plain separating the San Bernardino Mountains from the Mojave Desert. We've lived here for almost eight years and have no plans to ever leave. Why are we here? Well, while living in Cathedral City prior to coming here, we met our first "trois" family. Jim, Allan, and Darrel showed us around Phelan and we were hooked. The price for buying a home on two acres was right, too, so we moved here. These three beautiful guys have been there for us through thick and thin and have become very dear friends.

Darrel and Allan met 46 years ago in Salt Lake City and eventually found that their relationship was too hot for their Mormon families to handle. After migrating to California, they met Jim, who came to dinner one night and stayed on for 26 years. Jim's entry into the family was the spark that enabled them to thrive and prosper.

Darrel suffered a heart attack in Atlanta a couple of years ago, but he'd recuperated well and was on the road to a full recovery. Then about the same time that Al Coles (above) was diagnosed with throat cancer, Darrel began to suffer hoarseness and a sore throat. All of us were devastated when the news came that Darrel had throat cancer as well. Like Al, Darrel had the same radical chemotherapy when nothing else seemed to work.

The cancer was the final insult laid atop the pain of losing first George II, a male wire-haired terrier, followed by Martha II, Darrel's constant companion.

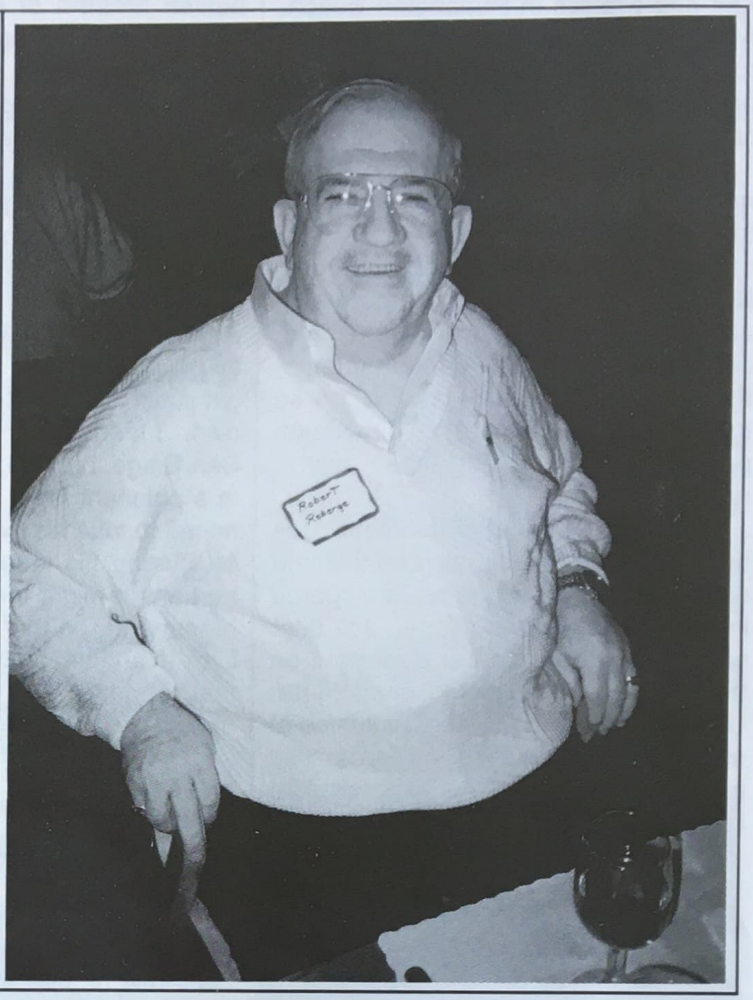
On Saturday, May 25th, Darrel lost his battle. He and Allan had insisted that Jim attend the Gathering, so Jim quickly returned to Phelan after the word reached San Diego. Since so many of the Southern California and Texas contingents at San Diego know and love these guys, Darrel's death caused quite a stir. Some of us cried; a few of us were relieved that this handsome, classy, loving man would not suffer any more. All of us were elated when we heard that Allan and Jim were on their way to San Diego. The buzz around the pool urged: "They need to laugh with their friends. Mourning can come later."

They were greeted with hugs and smiles, and perhaps a few subdued condolences. They managed to laugh and enjoy their legion of friends. Darrel would have approved.

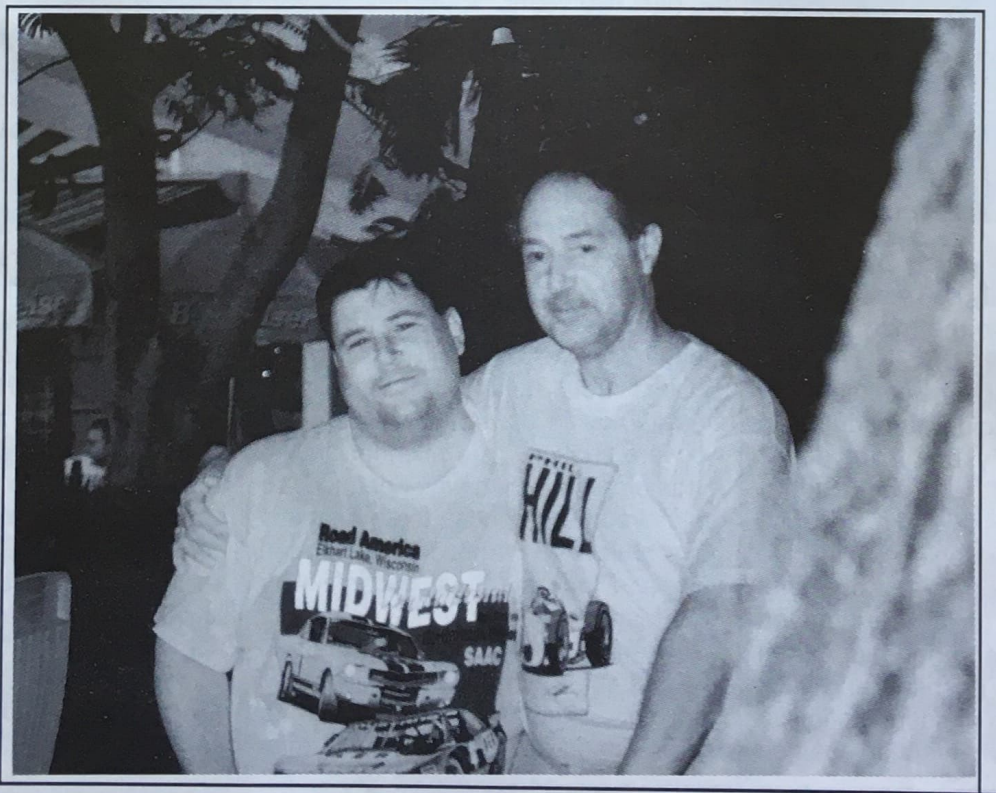
Last night, Bruce and I drove the three miles to Allan and Jim's to have dinner. We were introduced to 5-month-old Maud, a female Rottweiler given up for adoption by CR model DOUBLE L. (He breeds Labs and Rottweilers and also lives in Phelan.) They had no intention of trying to replace George and Martha with another dog, but when they came home from San Diego to that cold emptiness, they called DOUBLE L and asked if he had a dog that needed a home.

Judging from the events of last night, I can assure you that Maud has scored big time.

**ARIES II** *photos by mike deveau* **BOB ROBERGE**



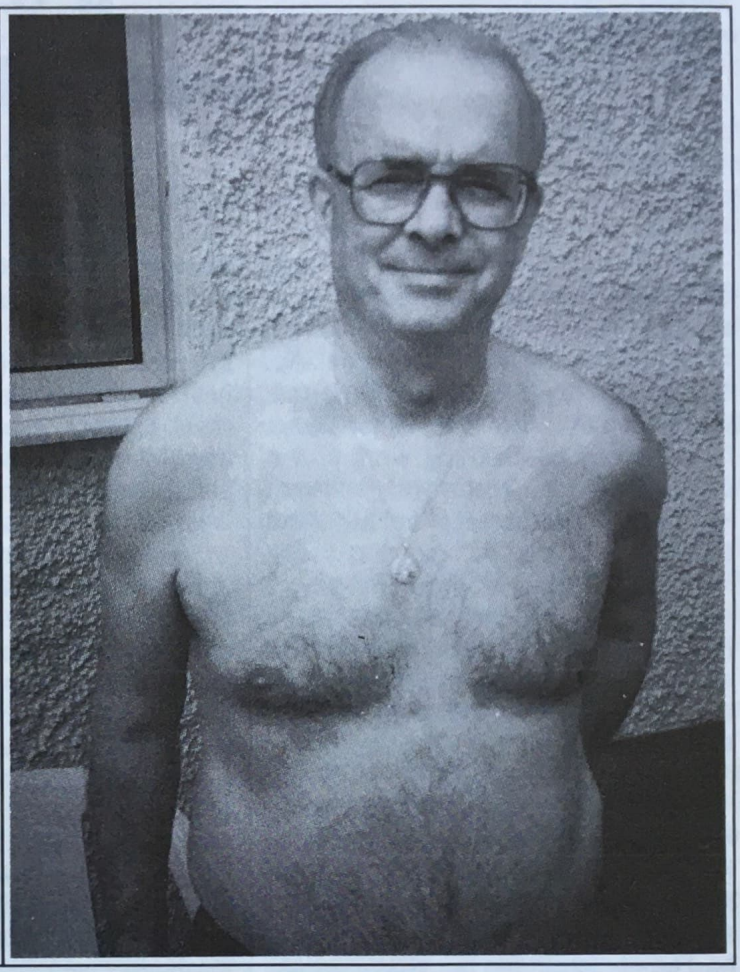

**MARK & DAVID**



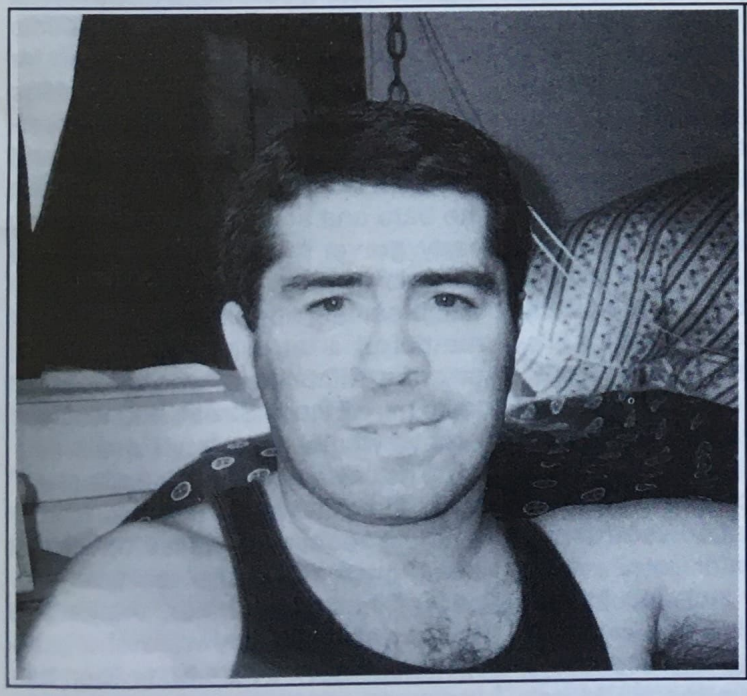

**doug**

**WIL** photo by HERB

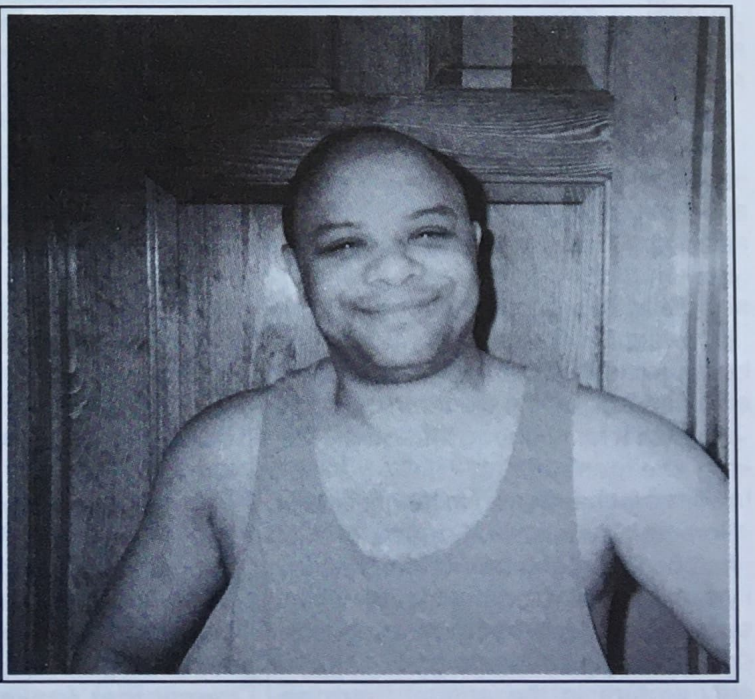
**KERYAS**



**CLEAR**



**MASSACHUSETTS BILLY**



# R.S.V.P.

## by Pug Snider

Uncle Theo's was the first and only cock I had ever seen. He used to pee off the end of our back porch. This was most interesting but very traumatic. Comparing my own perfectly normal equipment to Uncle Theo's monstrous freak of nature—a thing worthy of a places in the Guinness Book of Records—I felt sorely lacking. And ashamed. Had I realized that I was hung better than most of the guys I was later to encounter, it would have made my school days a whole lot easier. Not till I was nearly eighteen did I dare risk humiliation at a public urinal.

***

The impressively formal engraved invitation, announcing Edgewater High's thirtieth reunion, grabbed me like a long arm from out of the past. A similar invitation, not quite as grand, had easily found me ten years ago. At that time I still lived less than a mile from the school and was listed in the phone book. Out of a job, still floundering, I had ignored my class' "twentieth." I couldn't see myself making up a lot of lies in exchange for my classmates' recital of business and social success and being subjected to a bunch of baby pictures. I wasn't about to open my wallet containing about six bucks and a faded snapshot of David saying, "This was my lover, but he's dead now."

That was ten years ago. This thirtieth reunion was a different matter. If you've checked the facts, it seems that the thirtieth, unlike the tenth or twentieth, has a fairly strong attraction. During the passage of thirty years a helluva lot happens. Nostalgia sets in. Something mellows. Edgewater High had been a nightmare for four terrible years. I was a poor student. Not a joiner. Not a jock. Not even a supporter of the Friday afternoon games. Under my picture in the annual there appeared no mention of clubs or activities of any kind. Whoever it was who dreamed up those "class prophecies," probably at the suggestion of my English teacher, charitably listed me as most likely to write the Great American Novel. English class was the only place where I had not been a complete washout.

Yes, after thirty years I was now in a mood to go back and stroll down Memory Lane. Whereas a decade ago it might have been a painful process, the extra ten years and all I had been through had provided me with an armor to meet the best of them—or the worst of them. I had never really envied any of them. Their status was never anything that I particularly wanted for myself. Even during the dreariest and loneliest of those school years, I think I somehow knew that whatever I was going to make of myself was in no way related to the small pond celebrity that all these big fish enjoyed and flaunted. Call it sour grapes, but actually, to cite one case, my sweetest grape was a small item that appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* a couple of years ago stating that Roy Lorsbacker had been caught in a nasty tax evasion scheme. Roy Lorsbacker had been the prick whose locker adjoined mine two whole semesters. He was always shoving me aside and making me wait while he slicked back his hair and checked out what was one of the really few full-grown adult moustaches in junior year.

Mother Nature was late in getting around to me. It was not until I was almost twenty that I attained respectable height just short of six feet. That and a nicely distributed extra fifteen pounds made all the difference in the world. It was never a disappointment that I in no way resembled my handsome father. I have always been rather happy that I take after my Mom's brother, my Uncle Theo. He had a weather-beaten kind of face that made you feel that here was a man who had been places and done things that were a lot more interesting than what my dad's traditional good looks suggested.

Let's put it this way. By the time I was forty-seven years old, I liked myself. I lost no time in returning my acceptance to present myself before however many decided to show up for the reunion. Even though I had failed to live up to the prophecy (the sound of Great American Novel intimidated me), I had at least racked up several dozen short stories in colorful little magazines catering to lonesome males who got a certain satisfaction out of reading about other men's uninhibited adventures. Once I had acquired the knack of grinding out that kind of shit, I had a steady following among readers of *Manhole, Whoppers,* and *Jox.*

During the two years following David's death, I did not exactly live as a hermit, but I did spend a lot of time at my typewriter. Had it not been for the inspiration and sound rules in Miss Martin's English class and discovering my bent for storytelling, I might well have spent those two years cruising the bars and screwing myself into an early grave. Missing David like the very devil, plotting jack-off literature and dreaming up wild characters kept me out of a lot of trouble. Plus, the growing AIDS thing was enough to keep me off Rush Street. You wouldn't believe what a good boy I was.

The invitation said "semiformal," and the affair was scheduled for the banquet room of a classy new hotel fronting the river. The tab was "fifty bucks, including dinner, drinks and parking." I chose my wardrobe carefully, settling on a little white linen Italian number that set off my tan. Like

somebody or other said, "You can never be too rich or too tan." A last glance in the mirror assured me that I was a far cry from the scared little midget in hand-me-downs. My ears are still too big and one eye is slightly cocked. Fortunately, we are now living in an enlightened era where a face like mine is called "interesting." I doubted anyone at the reunion would recognize me.

I was actually looking forward to making my appearance. I wondered what all those golden boys and girls might look like by now. I took a certain delight in the knowledge that high school athletes and perky cheerleaders fade fast once they are away from the hallowed halls, steamy locker-rooms, and the preferred tables in the school cafeteria. My deeply hidden mean streak surfaced just long enough to picture somebody like that prick Roy Lorsbacker completely bald, with badly-fitting dentures and crippling arthritis.

There was one big question in my mind. How had the committee found my address? I was not listed in the phone book and had never made any contact with any student or faculty member. Aside from bills and junk mail, letters to me were mostly from guys who had picked my name out of the "Pen Pal Corner" of some rag like *Buddies*, or one of the other mags I wrote for. I enjoyed getting fan mail, and feedback on my yarns was a great incentive to turning out more. Two or three had even been nice enough to meet and have a drink or two, though after David I was too picky to go into any real relationship.

By the time I found my way up to the banquet room past two or three other big rooms where conventions of one kind or another were in progress, I was pretty well convinced that somebody on the reunion committee was a devotee of the type of magazines I was regularly featured in. My name is just crazy enough that somebody spotting it would say: "Pug Snider has got to be that little dweeb from our class at Edgewater!" If he had come across my name in the Pen Pal Corner, how many of my stories had he read? Out of a class of nearly three hundred, I could not think of any one of that group who might have been a potential reader of male porn fiction. That long ago I considered myself a unique specimen among a student body that was not only hostile but hopelessly normal.

The middle-aged group at a table near the entrance must have been classmates from out of my past, but I recognized not a one. Even name tags provided no clue. A fat, red-faced guy in a navy blazer checked me off a list, found a tag with my name on it, and said, "Glad you could make it. You'll be table twenty-two." He excused himself to help with a handicapped man in a motorized wheelchair. The old fart wore a faded red jersey and a helmet, "Where are all my boys! My team!" His tag read "Ed Swanson." Lordy! Not *Coach* Swanson." Grapes *can* be sweet.

As new arrivals checked in, it was apparent that most of them were accompanied by spouses. I thought to myself, would I have had the guts to drag David along? David would have insisted; he was always more a party lover than I. Latching on to the handsomest of the ex-athletes, charming them without their even realizing that he was flirting with them. Then he would whisk away their wives, guiding them into a mock-seductive tango or one of his expert rhumbas. Around a table, even with complete strangers, he would have both men and women hanging onto his every word as he'd make up preposterous stories about scuba-diving off Grand Cayman or dancing with Princess Margaret. Yes, I would have loved having him with me. As it was, I stood alone, trying to attach the damn name tag without injuring the fabric of my expensive suit.

In no time, cozy groups formed. Flash bulbs went off. A few couples, defying the "semiformal" suggestion made splashy entrances in splendid tuxedos and lavish floor-length gowns. They looked almost like movie-stars except that the men were pretty much on the heavy side, bald and bifocaled, while the women were freckle-backed, scrawny and shrill, or thick-waisted and out of breath. The breathless one, tagged "Bee Myers (nee, Gunderson)" let it be known that she and Pooky had driven all the way down from Lake Forest. In the Jag! (A nice step up for "Free-Bee" as the guys had labeled her in school.

As the beautiful people, most of whom seemed to have no trouble identifying each other—no name tags necessary—made their way to tables number one, two, and three, I searched for number twenty-two, fairly certain that it would be next to the kitchen door. The main difference between this room and the old school cafeteria was the sea of gleaming white linen tablecloths and the centerpieces of red roses symbolizing the traditional Edgewater school colors.

I was wrong. Table twenty-two turned out to be smack on the dance floor just opposite the elevated dais reserved for faculty and guest speakers. I took the one remaining chair where, at a table for eight, the other seven were already seated. The seven faces were strange to me, but the voices were friendly. In turn, they introduced themselves as Sharon, Herb, Linda, Tom, Betty, Les, and Roy.

The last to speak was Roy, seated to my left. The other names did not register, nor did their faces. However, I was quick to check this Roy's name tag and was shocked to discover the last name was Lorsbacker. For want of anything better, I might have mentioned that last I heard he was in jail. The income tax thing was still fresh in my mind. At least, it would have been an icebreaker!

I may have a mean streak, but I *do* have a few social graces. I concentrated on the face above the tag. The famous mustache was now grey as was the rather nice head of hair, which, instead of being slick and greasy, was expensively styled on the longish side. The youthful handsomeness had held up well. In fact, if anything, the years had wiped away some of the "prettiness" and etched in a few lines suggesting war or maybe a personal battle. To me with my writer's viewpoint, this was an improvement. Without the slightest bit of rancor, I said: "I doubt you remember me, but we shared that awkward locker space between the drinking fountain and the

fire-escape."

"Au contraire," he countered. "I do remember you. But may I mention that you look very different from the sawed-off little kid who used to take so fuckin' long with your complicated combination lock. I used to wonder why you didn't get a simple key padlock like the rest of us "

"You had a mirror!" And I could have added "only *girls* had mirrors," but I refrained.

The others were well into their shrimp cocktails and a discussion of whether or not Edgewater was to be razed for a new shopping mall. I was taken aback when Roy himself introduced the subject of his recent scuffle with the Internal Revenue Service. "It's a strange coincidence that I am now a free man once again, out in time to attend this little get-together. I'm sure you read all about—"

I tactfully cut in: "I think I *did* read *something*."

Assuming that I knew all the dirty details, I guess Roy wanted me to know there had been a happy ending. At least, he obviously considered it such; upon his release from Joliet his wife filed for divorce "and took up with the sonofabitch lawyer who got me into the mess in the first place." I did not quite see how this qualified as a happy ending, but he smiled and said: "Funny how some things work out for the best. Now I'm a free man, in more ways than one. A month from today I'll be on my way to Idaho."

While he attacked his prime rib I became aware of attention from the person at my right, the woman who had introduced herself as "Sharon." She had turned sideways to better inspect me and my name tag. With the addition of a pair of horn-rimed glasses she managed a closer look, exclaiming: "Of *course*! Now I remember. You *are* who I thought you might be—but you've grown up. Way up."

"It took a while," I admitted, "but I finally caught up with you tall people."

"You were the shortest boy in the class, and I was the tallest girl. I think it was very tough for both of us." She was seated, of course, but I slowly began to recognize the overly tall, gawky gal who used to slouch in order to lessen the effect of the great height. English class.

"I disagree. Shorter was harder." Then conversation stopped when the loudspeaker announced that there would be a prize for the student who had traveled the greatest distance to attend this gathering. There was a drum roll, and a spotlight focussed on a table across the room. Al Somebody-or-other had come all the way from Anchorage, Alaska. Several more prizes were awarded for most grandchildren, for the one who could remember the name of the football team's billy-goat mascots and who could sing all four verses of the Edgewater anthem.

By the time the ice cream arrived, there had been a lot of table-hopping, more picture-taking, more exchanging of addresses, and a small orchestra was setting itself up. Our table somehow lacked the fever pitch gaiety of the other tables. Herb and Linda had a sick child to get home to. Tom and Betty had a long drive back to Rockford. That left me alone with Roy, Sharon and Les. I was relieved that Sharon had rekindled interest in Les when it was revealed that not only had they shared Miss Sorlay's Civics class but were now both engaged in real estate out on the northwest side of Chicago. As much as I enjoy dancing, I had not looked forward to steering Sharon around the dance floor.

I had fortified myself with a couple of bourbons before leaving my apartment earlier that evening. That had been just enough to ease the pain of this trip back into the past. Topping it off, I had found very pleasant the really decent champagne the committee had provided gratis in such generous proportions. From my ringside vantage point, I was in a position to sit back and quietly enjoy myself—still the Invisible One—yet, now taller and fairly well pleased with myself and able to assess my old classmates with a new attitude. It was neither charity nor a fuck-you-all. It was a comfortable sense of sensible tolerance.

Sharon and Les were deep into zoning problems and the Asian invasion and malls and money, money, money. Roy had not yet returned from the men's room. I prided myself on my capacity to drink and drink without feeling the necessity to "go" all the time like so many of my generation. David, on the other hand, would have made several trips to the men's room. He was shameless in that respect. David took chances that I never would have risked. He was self-destructive in a scary fashion. I particularly remember some of the adventures involving policemen, or anything in a uniform. The crazy wonderful bastard. Roy returned, nudging me back to the present.

The thought occurred to me—not for the first time that evening—how come, after twenty years, the class bully and his victim should wind up drinking Dom Perignon together? The band was playing an oldie, "Saturday Night Fever," made famous by that sexy John Travolta. David had mastered all the Travolta moves.

"Wanna dance?" It was Roy, and he was filling my glass.

I wasn't sure I had heard correctly so I leaned in closer. This time he spoke very distinctly. I responded: "Are you crazy?"

He made no reply but grabbed me firmly, lifted me out of my chair, and dragged me out onto the floor. I was glad it was dark. As often as I had danced with David, disco, waltz, polka, whatever, we had never made a show of ourselves in a straight crowd. As the heavy beat began to get to me, I thought, What the hell? Not a soul here recognizes me. I just let myself go, counter-pointing every one of Roy's intricate moves. Disco may not be a body contact activity with partners a good two feet apart, yet it's about the closest thing there is to sexual intercourse in public.

Roy ran through his whole bag of tricks. Then I took the lead and showed off everything that David had taught me. We never touched, but there were hot wires connecting our bodies. The crowd thinned to allow us plenty of space. When it was over, there were thunderous applause and cries for an encore.

By the time the lights came up, Roy was heading for the doors leading out onto the deck overlooking the river. Rather than sit alone at our big

empty table, I followed. My immaculate white linen suit was heavy with sweat. Roy's gangster-like black suit and black Italian turtleneck shirt were thoroughly damp. I could smell him. His body reeked of the same old "4711" that used to permeate his locker. I recall that once in an elevator in Kansas City I caught a whiff of that distinctive fragrance, and I had the strangest reaction.

Leaning against the parapets, I accepted one of his cigarettes. I asked him: "Where in hell did you learn to dance like that?"

"In the pen," he replied and went on to explain that on Saturday nights in Joliet you had your choice of checkers, ping-pong or dancing.

I was picturing all this when he said: "You were great on that floor. How come you never attended any of the school hops? You were sure a stuck-up little bastard. Never talked to anybody!"

Rather than admit to Roy that in those days I had been so scared shitless of my own shadow—and guys like him—I explained that I always had to get over to my Dad's store and help out. I made a few inquiries regarding his suddenly-terminated career on LaSalle Street among the bears and the bulls. He summed it up, saying: "I became a zombie."

"I became a writer. No big deal, but I manage to sell regularly."

"I know. Your stuff is good."

This stopped me cold. How would he know? His locker used to contain *Sports Illustrated* and *Playboy*.

As if reading my mind, he informed me: "The state of Illinois provides its little library at Boys' Town with everything from the *Wall Street Journal* to *Krazy Komiks* to *Chiron Rising*.

Further revelation was interrupted by the intrusion of old Coach Swanson's wheelchair whirring its way across the moonlit terrace. Roy tossed his lighted cigarette into the water below and cautioned me to do likewise. "Duck down and he won't spot us. The old bore."

I ducked, whispering; "You were on his championship team. He's been looking for his "boys" all evening."

Roy shushed me, quietly protesting: "I was *never* one of his 'boys'. I never needed a blow-job that bad."

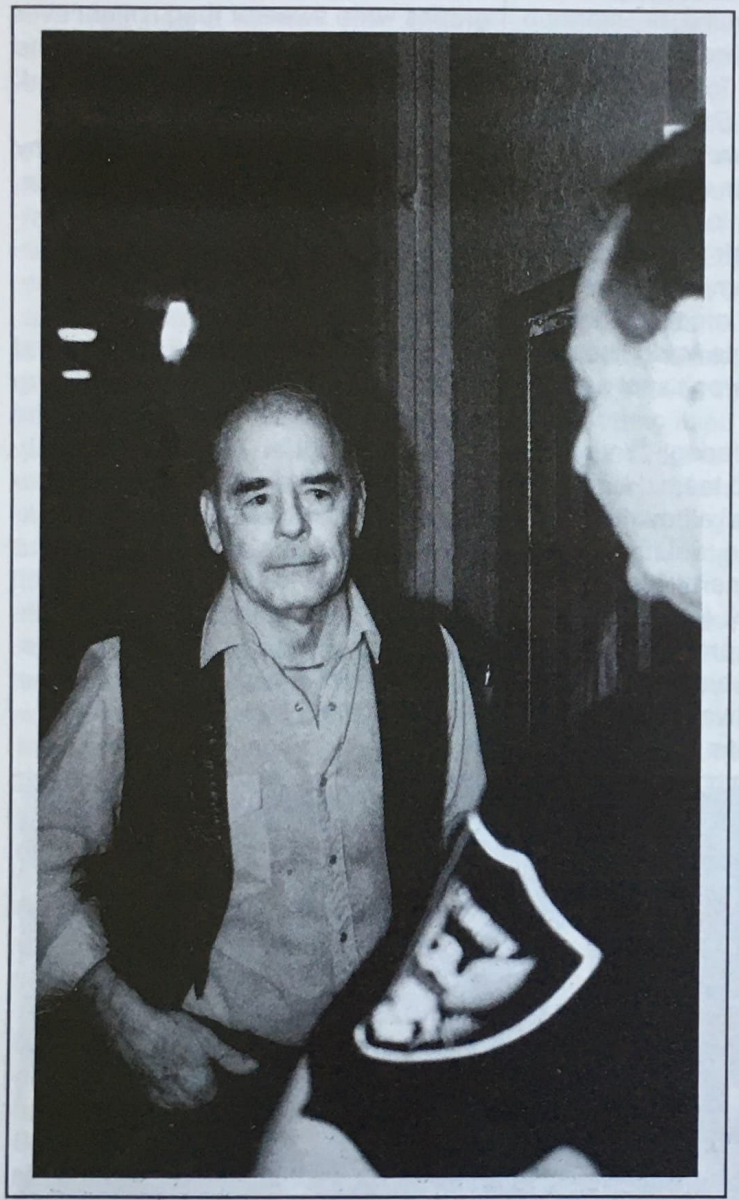
We kept a low profile till the old man steered himself back into the banquet room. As if the two of us had been caught smoking on campus and charged with demerits, we avoided the dance floor and the crowded bar and made our way down to where my car was parked. It was strange to think that Roy, who had owned one of the few cars at Edgewater, was now a man without transportation. He was bunking at a seedy hotel on North Clark Street and had begged a lift. The grapes were sweeter than I might ever have imagined! Pug was now in the driver's seat. I turned away from Clark Street and took him to my place.

Idaho can wait. Roy is still at my place. Still a prick. Still a bully at times. But I have learned to handle him.

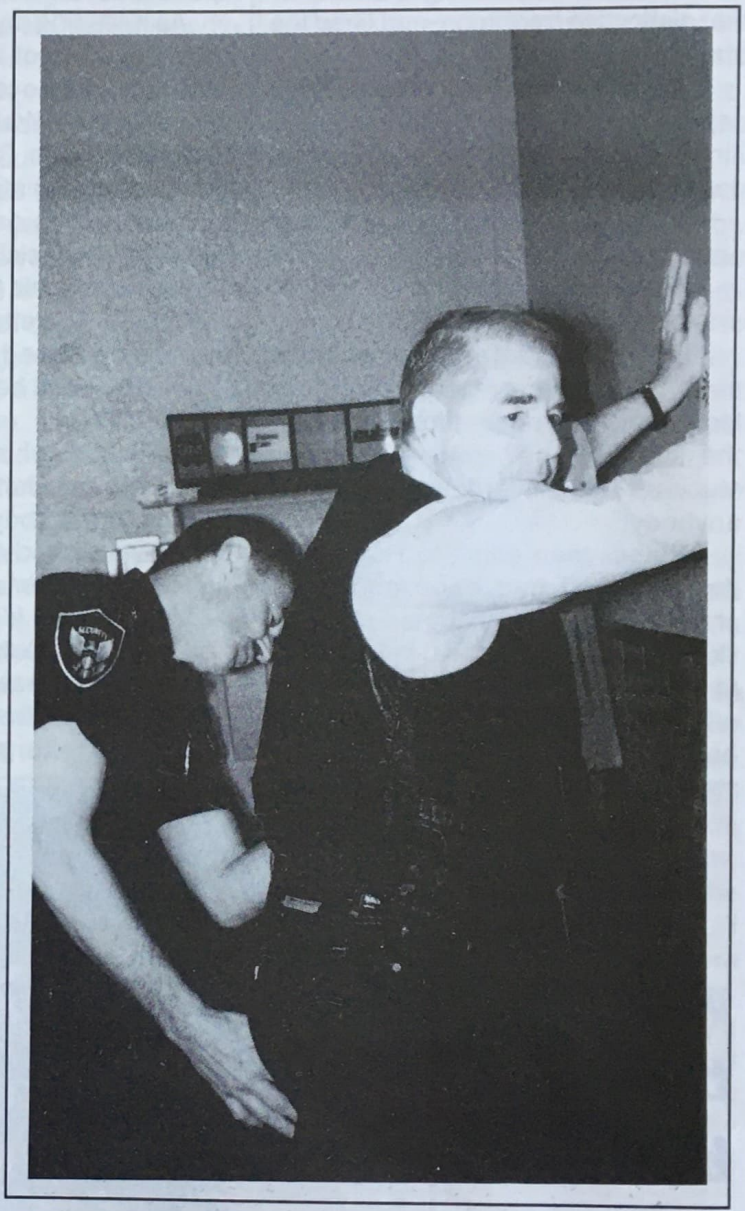
*PUG SNIDER, 83 (not 81 as stated in #73), is the grand man of gay erotic fiction. This story marks the 20th Pug Snider work we've published in SWAN or CR since February, 1988, and he just keeps cranking them out, much to our delight. He was inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the San Diego Gathering this year and had a wonderful time. He's hoping to hear from old-time Northside Chicagoans.*

## victor the bluebird

# THOM AND THE LAWMAN in "Busted In Biloxi"

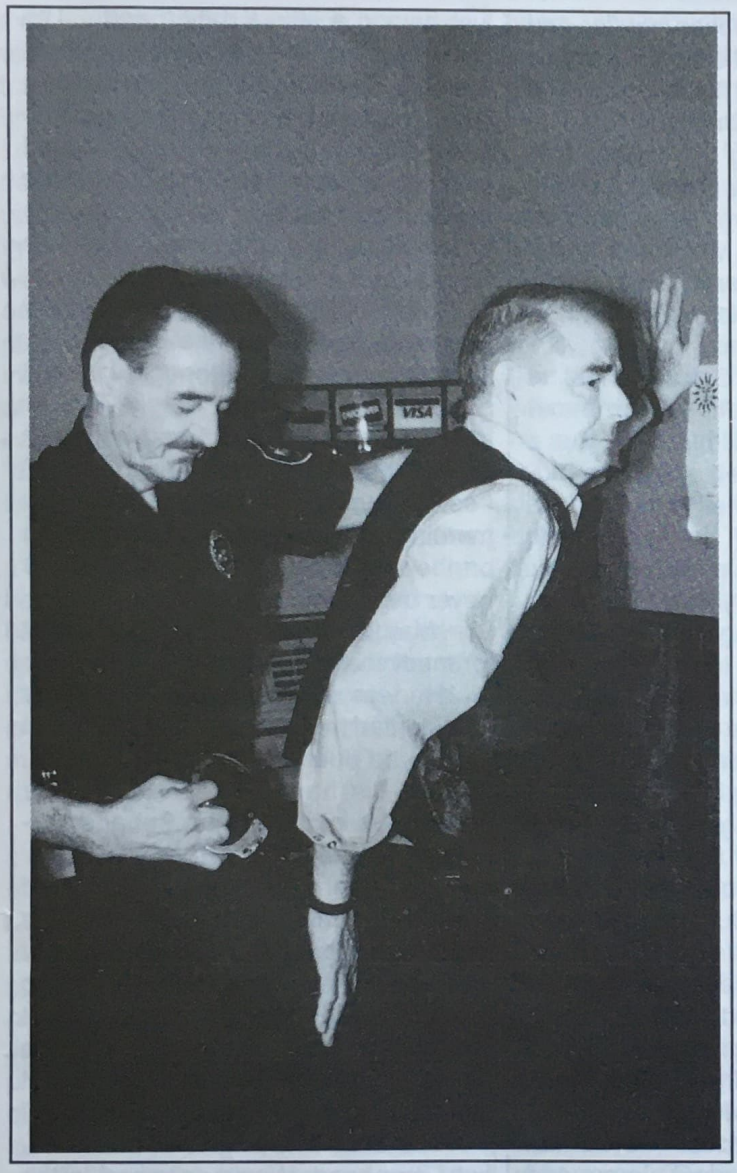


"Are you on the menu, officer?"

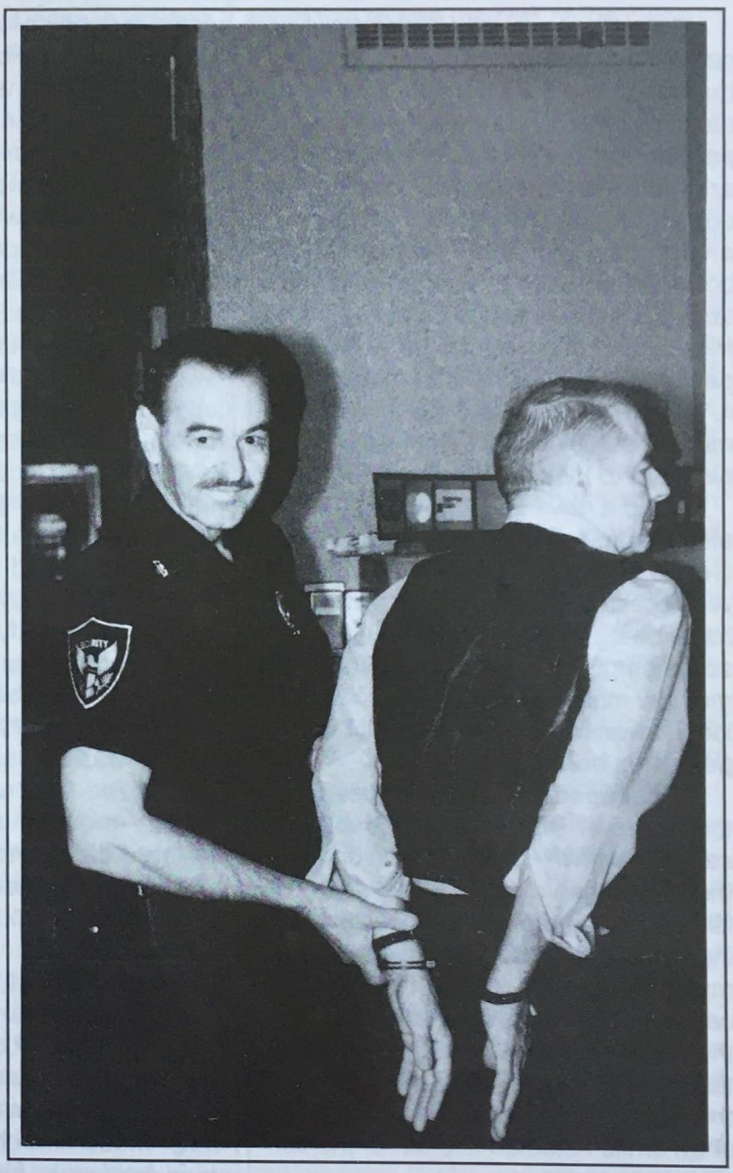


"You have the right to … I said, 'spread 'em' …"

# PHOTOS BY JOEL



"Watch that hand, fella! I said, 'spread 'em' ..."



"He's the famous CR model THOM?
Well, hell, why didn't you say so?!"

# WESLEY: A LOVE STORY

## BY GREG BOWDEN

It had been a dull Christmas Eve party. For some reason Jack was going through a phase where he invited all these twinkies to his parties—immature people dressed in their with-it clothes and little diamond studs piercing the oddest places. The weather was threatening snow too, and I wouldn't have bothered to make the trip into Manhattan if Jack weren't such an old and dear friend. But I suppose the French champagne and excellent buffet made up for it. That and the fact that dull though they may be, some of Jack's twinkies are very pleasant to look at.

I had a devil of a time getting a taxi afterwards, but at least it was warm in Grand Central and the train to Westchester was waiting where it should have been. Better yet, there were still some empty seats. It always surprises me how many people ride the one a.m. local. I wondered if they had all been to parties as boring as Jack's.

I managed to find a seat just below the doors in the fourth car back and settled in with my book. I looked up when the train began moving. Every seat was filled, and several people were standing in the door vestibule. I went back to my book but then looked up again because one of the men leaning against the vestibule wall had caught my attention. I pretended to read the poster for the Radio City Music Hall Christmas show while I studied him out of the corner of my eye.

He looked to be in his middle sixties—my age or maybe a year or two older—with thick, iron-gray hair in an old fashioned brush cut; eyes that were either blue or green, depending on where he was looking; a neat moustache a little darker than his hair; and the sort of mouth that smiles easily. In short, just the sort of man I find it hard to keep my eyes from.

I read all the rest of the advertisements in the vestibule, including the one printed in Spanish for roach powder, and then went back to Radio City Music Hall. The man had opened his rain coat, and I saw that he was in dinner clothes. The party he was coming from might well have been even more pretentious than Jack's, I thought with a smile. He was reading a newspaper, which I imagined must be the *Wall Street Journal.* Somehow he just looked like someone who would read the *Journal.*

A half hour out of Grand Central he caught me looking at him. I was immediately embarrassed, blushing like a Revlon ad, and I looked away, pretending I'd been reading the Radio City Music Hall poster again (I don't know why; I had it committed to memory). Oddly, he didn't look away. He held his paper to his chest, signifying that he was no longer reading it, and looked directly at me. I took refuge behind my book.

When I glanced up a moment or two later, he was still looking at me. When he realized I'd caught him at it, he smiled—more of a grin really—and winked. I didn't know how to respond. In the end, I smiled back but couldn't bring myself to wink. Dumb. I might have lost him.

When I smiled, he gave me an almost imperceptible nod and then waited, watching to see if I'd give it back. When I did, he grinned and threw me the wink again. This time I managed to wink back, which made him chuckle. The woman standing next to him gave him an odd look and moved to the other side of the vestibule. He looked after her and scratched his nose, making a dreadfully rude gesture as he did. Then he looked back at me and arched an eyebrow. I nodded and smiled, letting him know I'd seen it.

Not long after that White Plains was called, and he looked at me with that questioning eyebrow again. Oh, God, I thought to myself, what do I do now? What does he want anyway? We were just having a little flirtation and... The train pulled into the station and the doors opened. He looked at me sitting like a lump in my seat, and his smile turned to a sort of sad resignation. As he stepped off the train, he turned and looked at me again, one foot on the platform. He mouthed, "Merry Christmas." Then he was gone.

I didn't think. I simply snapped my book shut and ran for the doors. They started to close, and I thought I wasn't going to make it. I did, barely. The air stung my cheeks, and it had begun to snow. What in God's name have I done? I asked myself. One o'clock Christmas morning, in the snow, and I'm standing on the empty platform of a station I've never been in before.

"May I offer you a brandy? Purely for medicinal purposes, of course."

He was standing right behind me and startled me when he spoke. When I turned, he pulled off his glove and extended his hand. "Wesley. Wesley James." He dug in his pocket and produced a card. "My place is only a few minutes from here, and I really would like to share my Christmas brandy." He didn't wait for an answer. He took my arm and led me from the platform into the parking lot. We stopped beside a large pickup truck, and he unlocked the passenger door. "Be careful you don't slip getting in," he said. "It's kind of high."

The step was bright with new ice, but I managed. Wesley climbed in the other side and started the engine while I wondered what I'd gotten myself into. Would Aunt Olivia become furious when I didn't show up at her Christmas dinner party this afternoon only to read about me in the next morning's paper? "Body of Writer Found in Dumpster." Then in smaller type, but still bold face: "Body Violated, Police Say."

"Excuse me. What were you saying?" I asked.

He gave me a grin that could only

come from a warm, loving man. Or a serial killer. "I was just asking what your usual stop is."

"Oh. Mount Kisco. Up the line a couple of stops." Why did he want to know? I knew I was being paranoid, but I hadn't done this—whatever this was—for many, many years.

"That's not far. I'll run you up whenever you want. After we warm ourselves with that brandy." He maneuvered the truck—which I could now see was a bright fire engine red—through the deserted, snowy streets with great confidence. "Almost there," he said, pulling up to a heavy steel gate. He dug around in the console and pulled out a card which he stuck into a slot in a little box outside. The double gates opened, rather grandly I thought, and we drove in. We went through the same routine at an underground garage and finally came to a stop in a space marked "James." "Here we are," he said, leaning across me and opening my door.

We left the garage and walked along a row of townhouses, turning in at number eleven. Wesley punched some numbers on a keypad, unlocked the door and ushered me inside. "Well, this is home," he said. He took my overcoat, hung it and his own in a hall closet and then led me through an archway. "The living room."

The large room was furnished with a mixture of old and new pieces. Along one wall stood bookcases filled with books that looked as though they had actually been read. The books shared space with a collection of porcelain pieces—a mixture of Chinese vases, Japanese bowls and very old French plates. From what I could tell with just a quick glance, everything looked to be authentic and of excellent quality.

A Christmas tree covered with traditional decorations stood in a corner. Wesley turned on its lights. He knelt and rooted among the packages. "Here we go," he said, holding up a foil-wrapped package with a bright bow. "I think we'll find this to be very nice cognac." He tore the wrappings off and brought forth a squat decanter filled with clear brown liquid. "I can always rely on George. The decanter is different every year, but the cognac is always the same. I think George has it shipped from France—probably in fifty-gallon casks."

He set the decanter on the coffee table and took a pair of crystal snifters from a cabinet. His hands trembled as he poured, and I realized he was as nervous as I. "I think you'll like this." He handed me one of the snifters.

I did. The liquor was subtle—in my book a virtue seldom displayed by cognac—and brought a sudden warmth to my skin. I sat on the couch and raised my glass. "To George," I said.

Wesley sat beside me and touched his glass to mine. "To George."

We sat in silence. Finally, a little too loudly, I asked if he'd had an enjoyable evening in town.

"I think so," he said. "It was mother's obligatory Christmas Eve dinner. Some family, some of her friends. I fill the office of the extra man, seated next to whichever of the females couldn't corral a date. Tonight it was mother's sister, Aunt Violet, who is 87 and has suddenly become a radical feminist. No holding her chair, let me tell you." He laughed. "And you?"

"A friend's party. Nice, but a little dull, actually. He's going through a chorus boy phase."

He nodded. "I know the evening: lots to look at but no one to talk to. On the other hand, that may well be preferable to dinner conversation with an eighty-seven-year-old radical feminist."

We lapsed back into silence, and he went to adjust something on the Christmas tree. "You're not making this easy, you know," he said over his shoulder. "Aren't you supposed to remove your jacket or loosen your tie or something?"

"What for?" I was that stupid.

He turned and looked directly at me. "The seduction of course." Color suddenly rose in his cheeks, and he began to stammer. "Or have I misjudged..."

I got to my feet, removed my coat and handed it to him. "No, it's not you. It's just that it's been a very long time since I ... well, since I did anything of this sort, and I guess maybe I've forgotten how." I undid my tie and opened my collar button, trying to remember what should happen next.

"I think this comes next," Wesley said, apparently reading my mind. He pulled me into a great bear hug and kissed me. It was almost overwhelming, kissing a man that way again, and my body got a little out of hand. The hardness pressing against my leg told me Wesley's was doing the same.

When we broke apart, I rested my head on his shoulder and looked at him. He was more handsome in profile than he was full-face.

"The script now calls for me to ask if you'd like to see the rest of the place."

"Meaning?"

"The bedroom."

"Oh. Yes, please, I'd like very much to see the rest of the place."

We went upstairs and into a large, masculine room done in chocolate brown and dark, dusty blue. He pulled open the drapes revealing a small terrace and a fine view of the woods that bordered the property. The snow was coming down harder now, and the wind had come up, building miniature drifts on the terrace. Wesley busied himself with lighting a log in the fireplace. "There's a bathroom through there in case you need it," he said, indicating a doorway. I realized that I did need it and went to relieve myself—and also to pull myself together. Not only was this a completely unexpected end to my evening, it was happening very fast.

I was nearly erect, and it took me a while before I could function. I studied the large silver poster hanging behind the toilet, trying to put Wesley out of my mind. The poster depicted a big-bosomed chorus girl, cleverly created out of nothing but the names of female film stars. It was just distracting enough to do the job.

When I went back to the bedroom, the snifters, refilled, were sitting on the bedside table, and the bed cover had been turned down—on both sides. Wesley, standing in front of the fire, held out his arms to me, and we ended up in another one of those long kisses that I was getting to like very much. When we broke, Wesley excused himself and went to the bathroom.

Alone in the room, I began to panic. What was I supposed to do now? Was I supposed to be in the bed when he returned? But wouldn't that look a little over-anxious? And what if he came back while I was undressing? I didn't know what to do, so I stood in front of the fire and worried.

Wesley was laughing when he came out of the bathroom. "Now I know what took you so long in there," he said. "It takes a while to relax enough to, uh, to switch functions, as it were." He took me in his arms again and brushed his lips against mine, giving me goose flesh. "You know the one thing I don't want to do?" he asked. I shook my head, my knees beginning to feel weak. "I don't want to wake up in the morning holding you in my arms still wondering what your name is."

My name. Oh, God, I hadn't even introduced myself to him. "I ... I'm sorry. I'm so nervous I've completely forgotten my manners. My name is Brian. Brian Williams."

He leaned back to look at me. "You're nervous? You certainly don't show it, Brian. I thought I was the nervous one." He kissed me again. "Can we go to bed?"

As though it were scripted, we went to opposite sides of the bed, undressed with our backs to each other, hiding the state of our excitement, and slipped under the cover. We met in the middle.

Wesley rolled up on his side and whispered in my ear, "It's been so long since I've done any of this I was afraid I might have forgotten how." He ran his hand lightly over my belly, giving me goose flesh again. "I think it's coming back to me, though."

I turned on my side to face him and reached out, putting my hand on his chest. He was covered with a soft down, and I wondered if it was the same beautiful gray as on his head. Moving my hand lower I found his bush, the hair dense and wiry. His penis was thick at the base and very firm. As I moved my hand along the shaft, I was struck by the softness of the skin there, and the heat, as though it had its own independent source, and the thermostat had been turned up to "high."

Wesley's hand found my penis, too, and was gently touching it everywhere, as though memorizing it. He began kissing me again, pulling the air out of my lungs and into his, then breathing it back. I began to get dizzy. I didn't know if it was lack of oxygen or what he was doing to my penis. Beyond the dizziness, I could also feel that bubble of pleasure expanding in me, threatening to burst at any moment.

"Please," Wesley said, staying my hand. "I'm very excited. I don't think ..." He pulled me against him, pressing our bodies together and kissed me. The feel of him against me, his hardness lying alongside mine, was more than I could handle. The bubble inside me burst, washing over me with pleasure I had forgotten existed. It happened to Wesley too, at almost the same moment. The feel of his spasms against me only served to increase my pleasure.

When we were able to breathe normally, Wesley kissed the tip of my nose. "Wow. I had forgotten a lot, especially how wonderful that can be." He rolled out of the bed and went into the bathroom, returning with a warm, damp cloth. "May I?" he asked, pulling the covers back.

He cleaned my abdomen and then took my penis in his hand and gently wiped it with the cloth. When he was through, he bent down and kissed it, sending a shock of pleasure through me. I had forgotten a lot too, it seemed.

In bed once more, Wesley gathered me into his arms and held me close, his chest hair feeling wiry against my back. Relaxed and comfortable, I began to drift into sleep, wondering if there was a way to describe how I felt. The word "safe" floated through my mind, and I thought, yes, that's it, safe and warm.

I woke still in Wesley's arms, lying against him spoon fashion. I felt the heavy bulk of his erection pressed along the valley between my buttocks, and I knew I wanted him inside me. The feel of him had brought me erect, and I touched myself with a feeling of wonder. It had been years since I'd been that hard. Wesley stirred and moved his hips, rubbing himself against me. I pressed back to encourage him.

"I want that more than I can tell you, Brian," he breathed in my ear. "But we can't."

I pressed back again. "Why?"

His hand slid down my body and took hold of my erection. "I ... There aren't any condoms," he said and began to stroke my penis, still rubbing himself against me. My disappointment slowly dissolved as he took me to the edge of orgasm again and pushed me over, following along with his own, his hardness suddenly expanding against me, jerking strongly and pouring himself out against my back.

We drifted into sleep and didn't wake until the sky outside had turned light and the smell of coffee drifted through the room. "It's on a timer," Wesley said, turning me over and kissing me. He ran his hand down my back and gently cupped my buttocks. "You want the shower first?"

He brought cups of coffee into the bathroom and then stepped into the shower with me. "The water company recommends, you know, that friends shower together. I don't know why the water company showers together, but this seems an excellent reason for us to do so." He took my head in his hands and kissed me. I moved forward and pressed myself against him, feeling both of us growing erect.

We washed and touched each other everywhere, taking delight in each other's bodies, finally over the awkward embarrassment we'd felt the night before. Afterward, we sat in the kitchen with rolls and jam and discussed the day. I, of course, had Aunt Olivia's Christmas dinner, and there was no avoiding it. Wesley also had a dinner, his with old friends, a tradition left over from his days with David, a lover of thirty-four years who had died of a heart attack four years before.

He asked if I'd had a lover and I told him about Robert. Robert and I were together for more than thirty-six years, until he'd been killed, three years earlier, in a stupid car crash. We talked about a lot of things then—getting to know each other—until Wesley said it was time for him to take me home.

He took me to the railroad station in Mt. Kisco and then stayed to help me dig the car out. When he left, I found myself with a lot of odd feelings, some of which I hadn't known in many years and couldn't quite identify.

Aunt Olivia's dinner was wonderful as always, but it seemed forever before I could gracefully take my leave. When I did get out, my impulse was to drive directly to White Plains. Then I wondered what he would think. Would I look too anxious? But I was anxious, and in the end I said to hell with it. When I reached Wesley's complex, I realized I didn't

have the least idea of how to get in. I went to an all-night drug store I'd seen, bought a couple of things on impulse and phoned him, thanking the stars that he'd had the presence of mind to give me his card. He answered on the first ring and sounded relieved that it was me. When I told him where I was, he seemed very pleased and asked me to hurry.

When I got back to the townhouses, he was there, a dim figure standing in the snow at the gate. He worked the control and then got in the car and kissed me. I was embarrassed, afraid that someone might see, but I kissed him back.

He had me park in the underground garage, next to his car, and led me through the snow to the house where the cognac had already been poured and was warming in front of the fire.

When he took my coat, I handed him the box of cheap candy I had purchased at the drug store. He looked a little uncertain but took it with great grace. Inside, scattered among the caramels and vanilla creams, he found a dozen condoms and a tube of lubricant. He looked back and forth between the box in his hands and me and then began to laugh. "Thank you, Brian. This may well be the sweetest Christmas present ever. Oh, but wait." He went to the antique desk in the corner, pulled out a sheet of writing paper and wrote for a moment. He sealed the note in an envelope and tucked it in my jacket pocket.

"When I was a boy, my mother never allowed me to play with any of my toys until after my thank-you's were written. That," he said pointing at my coat, "is my thank you. Now that it's done, would you like to help me play with my toys?"

In the bedroom, I saw that Wesley had been shopping too, and I wondered just how long it would take us to go through two dozen condoms. As it turned out, not as long as I might have thought.

He was very gentle when he entered me. It had been more than three years since I'd taken a man into me, and I'd forgotten how much I liked it—and how much pleasure it brought. We started out lying on our sides, but after a while he turned me on my back so we could look at each other. I wondered if my expression was as sensuous—and joyful—as his and decided it must be. No one could experience that much pleasure and not show it.

Then he did something I'd never experienced before: he began to talk. His voice was low and full of passion as he described to me what he was feeling and how he was attempting to control the enormous pleasure that was filling him. The more he talked the more I seemed to be part of him, feeling what he was feeling and responding to his every move just as he wished, just as he himself responded.

He made it last a very long time and then, when he couldn't control it any longer, we went over the edge together, crying out in each other's mouths and giving ourselves up to the pleasure we brought each other.

Later, back in bed with our cognac after a long shower together, we talked about likes and dislikes, about movies, music, books and food. We talked about sex, too, and Wesley got embarrassed about liking to talk while he made love. I told him not to be, that I found it very erotic. Then somehow he was inside me again, this time asking what felt good to me, what I wanted him to do and just how he should do it. It was wonderful.

Afterward, I asked him to stay inside me, to let me go to sleep still connected to him. "I must come out," he said, "but please don't move." He withdrew, quickly discarded the condom in favor of a fresh one and reentered me. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked, settling me in against him. We drifted off to sleep, and I had the most erotic dream I've ever had in my life.

He slipped out of me sometime during the night, I think so we could turn over, and I woke lying on my back with Wesley's leg thrown across me and his head on my shoulder. I did some soul searching and wasn't particularly surprised to find that I was very happy. I was surprised, though, to find that I was also very content.

We spent much of the day in bed. Around noon we went down to the kitchen—naked!—and Wesley made a salmon salad while I opened wine and made chocolate butter cream to spread on toasted cake slices for desert. We carried our lunch up to the bedroom and ate in bed, making love between the salmon salad and the butter cream.

After lunch Wesley said he would not make love without condoms. It would be unfair to both of us—at least then. He also asked me to take the active role and make love to him. When I did, I found him so responsive that I lost all control and couldn't stop until I climaxed. I apologized, but Wesley just laughed and put my hand on his penis which was still dripping out the last of his orgasm. I was amazed—at both of us—and then did it again, just before we got up to see about dinner. In the shower, we decided we had to go out, if for no other reason than to let the bed cool for a couple of hours.

"Just think, Brian," Wesley said, "here we are sixty-three and..."

"Sixty-one"

"Sixty-three and sixty-one, and we have made love five times in less than twenty-four hours. Amazing." After dinner we made it even more amazing ...

The next morning I had to go home. I had an appointment, but even more, I thought Wesley and I needed just a little time away from each other. Things were going very fast. When I got home and took off my jacket, I remembered the note he had written. I opened it.

*Dear Brian,*

*Thank you very much for the present. You have no idea how it—and you—have touched me. You are the sweetest man I know.*

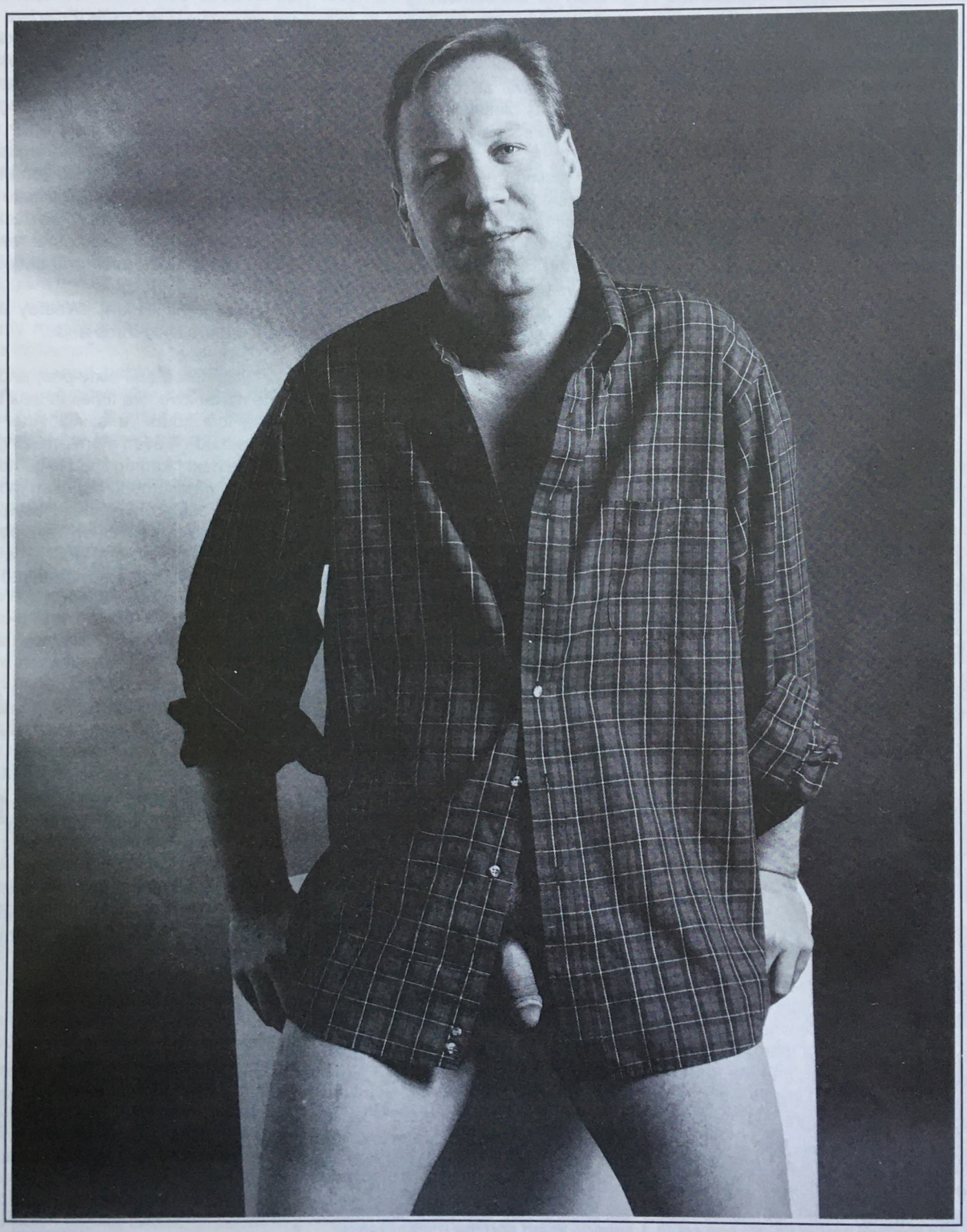
*Wesley*

*P.S. You should know, Brian, that I am falling in love with you. You may wish to run.*

I did run. All the way back to that dusky blue and brown bedroom with the fireplace. And to Wesley. That's why this little effort is titled "A Love Story."

*GREG BOWDEN lives in the country of Northern California with assorted domestic animals including his partner of over twenty years.*

# BARNEY



TED WARREN PHOTOGRAPHY

# *the gathering vacation of a lifetime*
# AUSTRALIA AND THE JAVA SEA

## SEE THE WONDERS DOWN UNDER, PLUS BALI AND SINGAPORE
## DEPARTURE: FEBRUARY 16, 1997 - 24/25 DAYS
## PERSONALLY ESCORTED BY P.H. COLLEY AND BRUCE VAUGHAN

**Jet from the U.S. to Sydney, Australia with 3-night accommodations at a First Class Hotel and a city tour. Leisure time has been allowed for individual exploration, optional excursions, and CRPI's Sydney Regional Assembly. Then board the MARCO POLO, cruising from the 20th century to the Stone Age, Australia's Aboriginal lands, to the mystical beauty of the Java Sea.**

Ports of call include: Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns, Great Barrier Reef, and Darwin within Australia. Includes Bali and Semarang in Indonesia before arriving in Singapore.

During this CR Gathering Of A Lifetime, we will cruise the South Pacific Ocean, Coral Sea, Torres Strait, Arafura Sea, and Java Sea. Cruise highlights include Bali Dancers performing the Legong and a full day excursion to the Buddhist temples of Borobudur. Aboard the Marco Polo, all the amenities of World Class Cruising are enjoyed by passengers.

Itinerary, 1997:

Feb. 16: Depart U.S.A. (cross international date line)
Feb. 18: Arrive Sydney, transfer to hotel
Feb. 19: CRPI Regional Assembly
Feb. 20: Transfer to Marco Polo
Feb. 21: Embark Sydney at 7:00 pm
Feb. 22: Cruise South Pacific Ocean
Feb. 23: Arrive Brisbane 7:00 am, depart 7:00 pm
Feb. 24: Cruise Coral Sea
Feb. 25: Arrive Townsville 1:00 pm, depart 7:00 pm
Feb. 26: Arrive Cairns 7:00 am, depart 7:00 pm
Feb. 27: Cruising Great Barrier Reef
Feb. 28: Cruise Torres Strait
Mar. 1: Cruise Arafura Sea
Mar. 2: Arrive Darwin 8:00 am, depart 8:00 pm
Mar. 3: Cruise Timor Sea
Mar. 4: Cruise Java Sea
Mar. 5: Arrive Bali 9:00 am
Mar. 6: In Bali, depart at 11:00 pm
Mar. 7: Cruise Java Sea
Mar. 8: Arrive Semarang (Java) 6:00 am, depart 6:00 pm (includes excursion to Borobudur)
Mar. 9: Cruise Java Sea
Mar. 10: Arrive Singapore, disembark, transfer to hotel, CRPI group sightseeing
Mar. 11: Singapore, CRPI group sightseeing, possibly mini-Assembly
Mar. 12: Fly Singapore-U.S.

Included in the following discounted rates are free round-trip airfare (from U.S. West Coast), pre-cruise Sydney hotel package, and post-cruise Singapore package. Free one-category upgrade if booked by September 20, 1996. During the cruise our group will enjoy two private cocktail parties and the Captain's Welcome Aboard and Farewell parties. CRPI's Colley and Vaughan will escort the tour from pre-cruise Sydney through post-cruise Singapore, assuring our guys a smooth journey.

Inside Cabins - Category J - $4250 (discounted $845)
Inside Superior - Category H - $4550 (discounted $1100)
Outside Cabins - Category F - $4795 (disc. $1200)
Outside Superior - Category D - $5095 (disc. $1500)

Port Charges - $275 per person
Air Tax - $46 per person

Optional cancellation insurance - $259 per person

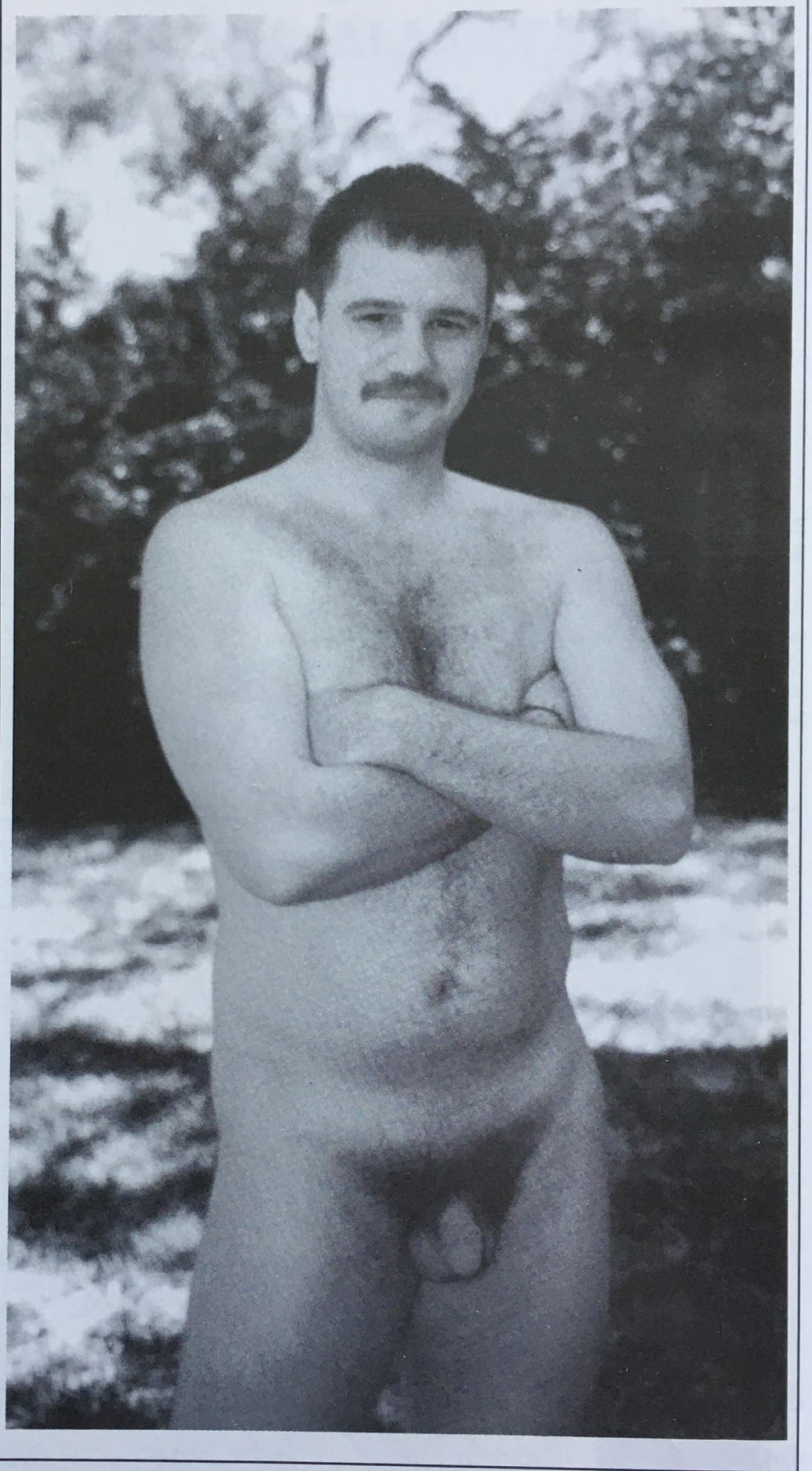
Deposit: $500 per person due within 7 days of booking. An additional $500 deposit is due within 120 days of booking. Final payment due 60 days prior to departure. Deposits are fully refundable until time of final payment.

Please call CR at (619) 868-6371 for name, address and phone number of booking agent. (Not available at time of printing.)

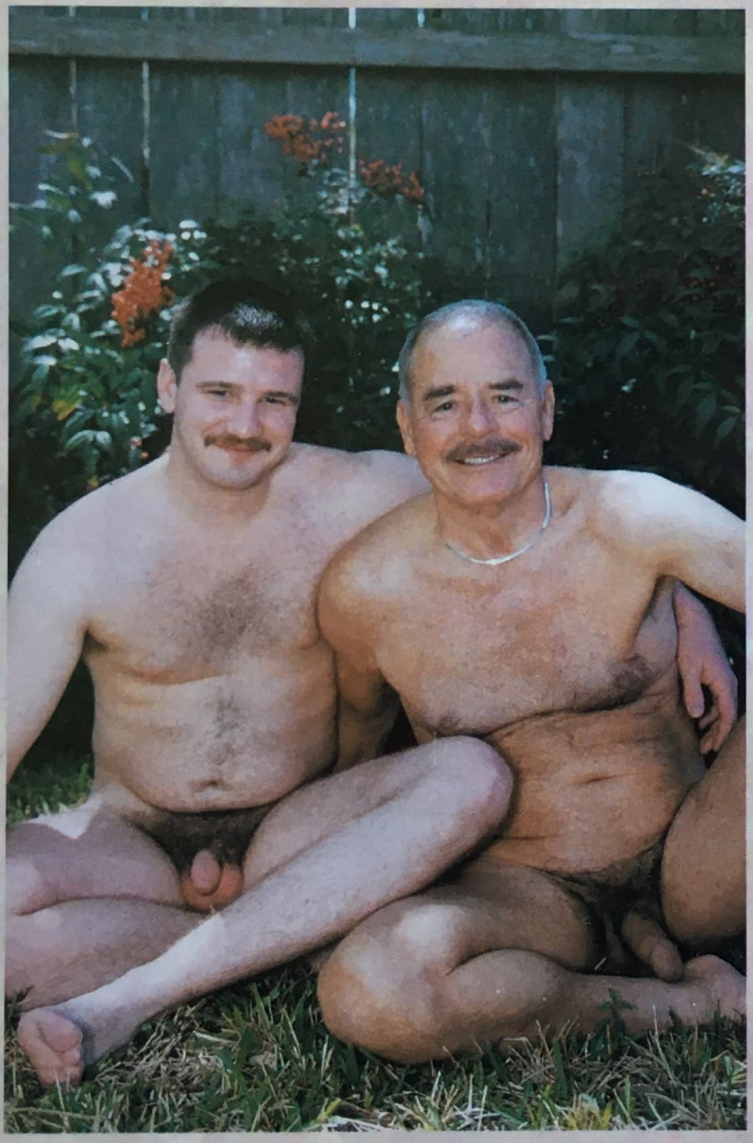
Note: This package is offered to all friends of CR, along with their families and friends. It is by no means an "all-gay" cruise, but it will be a "favorably mixed" one.

WARNING: YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY. THESE CRUISES ARE VERY POPULAR AND SELL OUT QUICKLY.

# ICEMAN

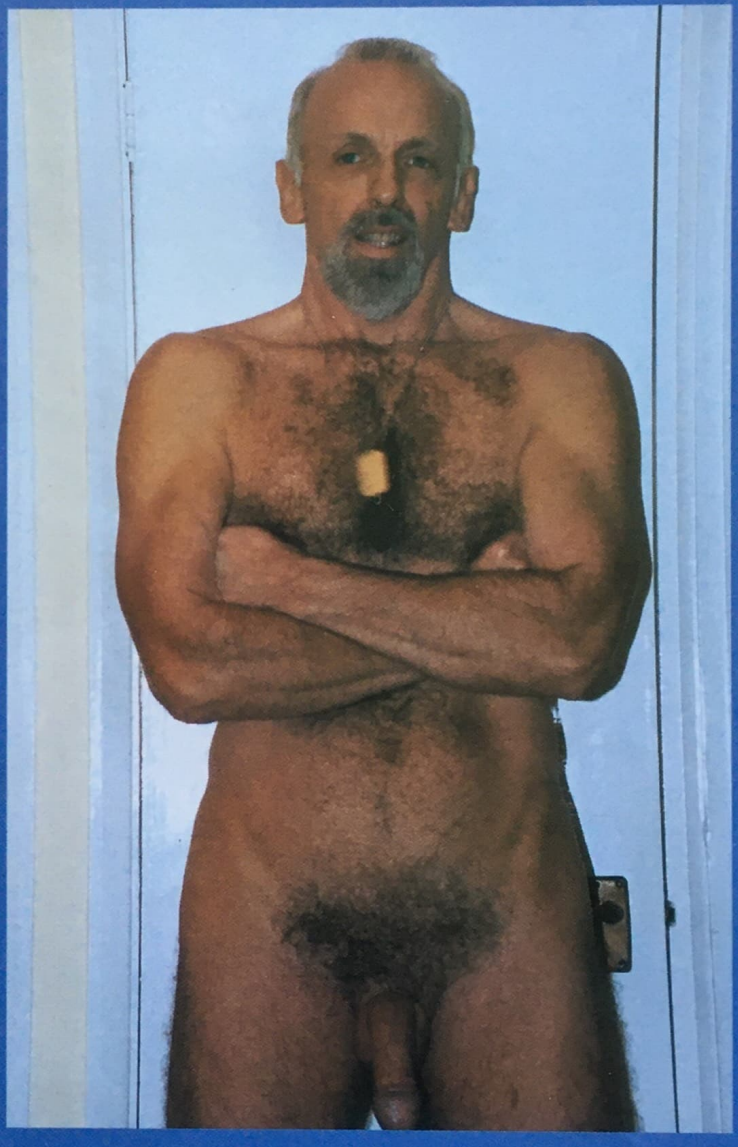


**ALL PHOTOS BY JOEL**

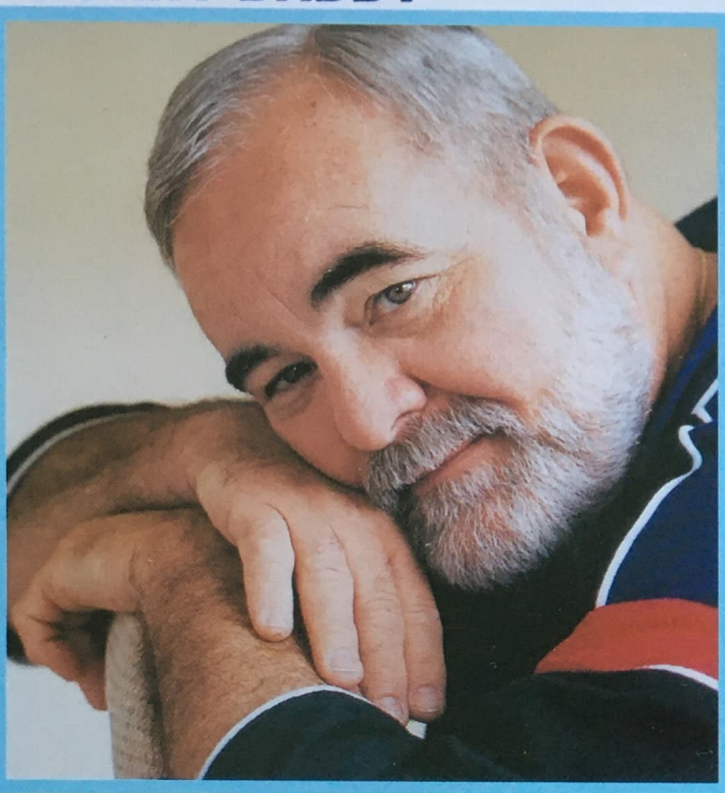


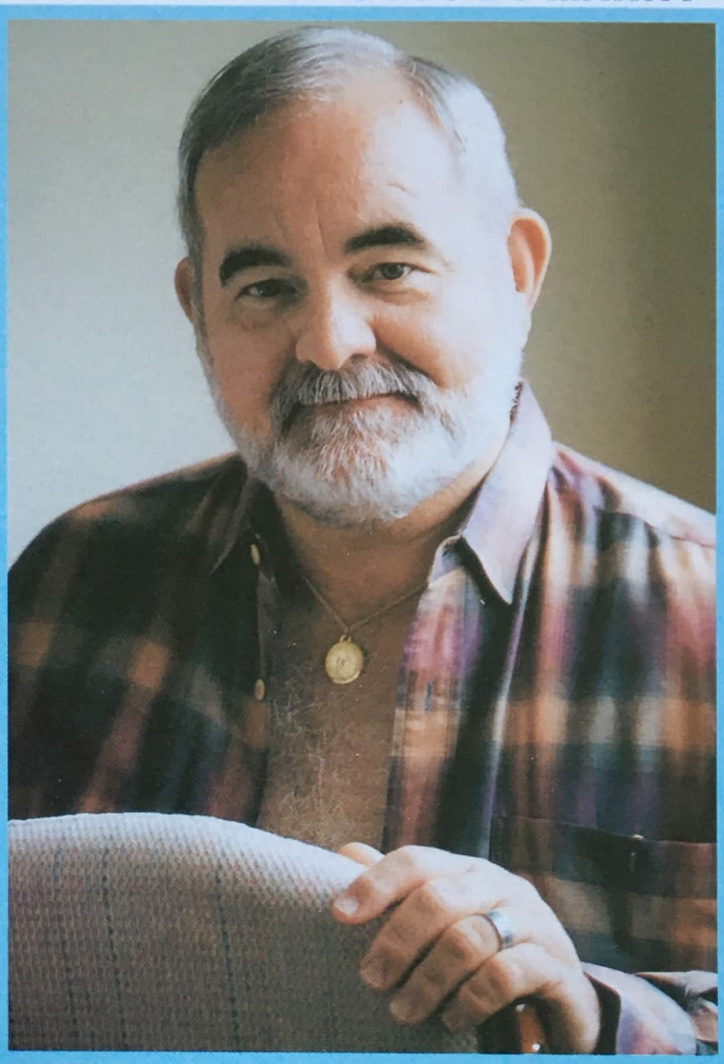
ICEMAN & THOM

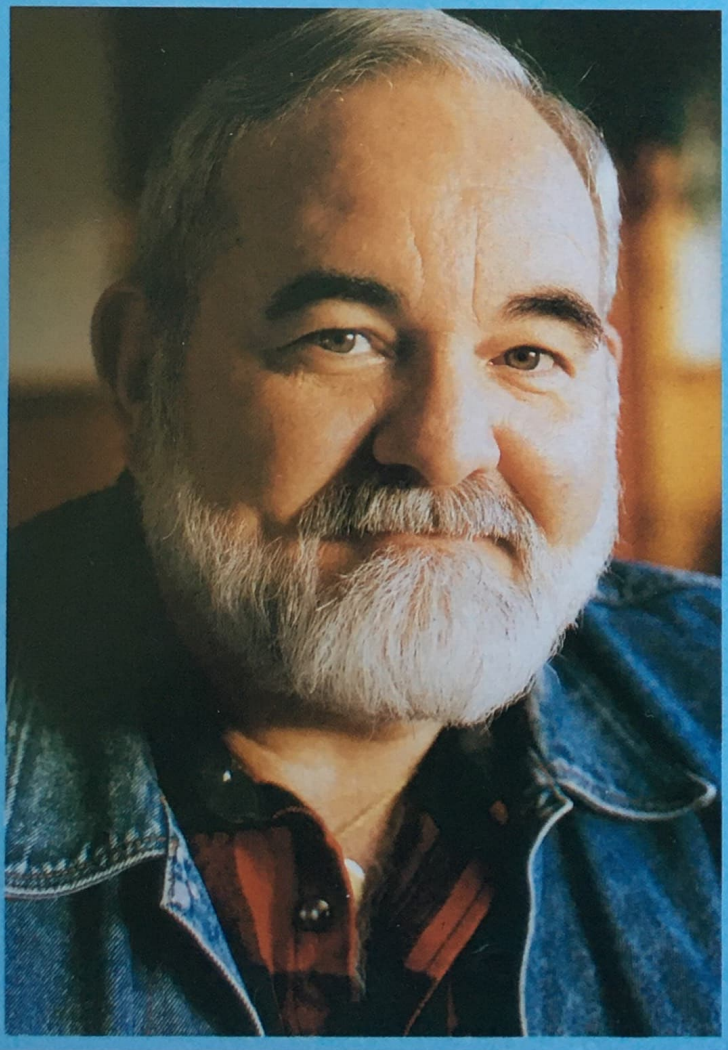
# DICKSON HILLS

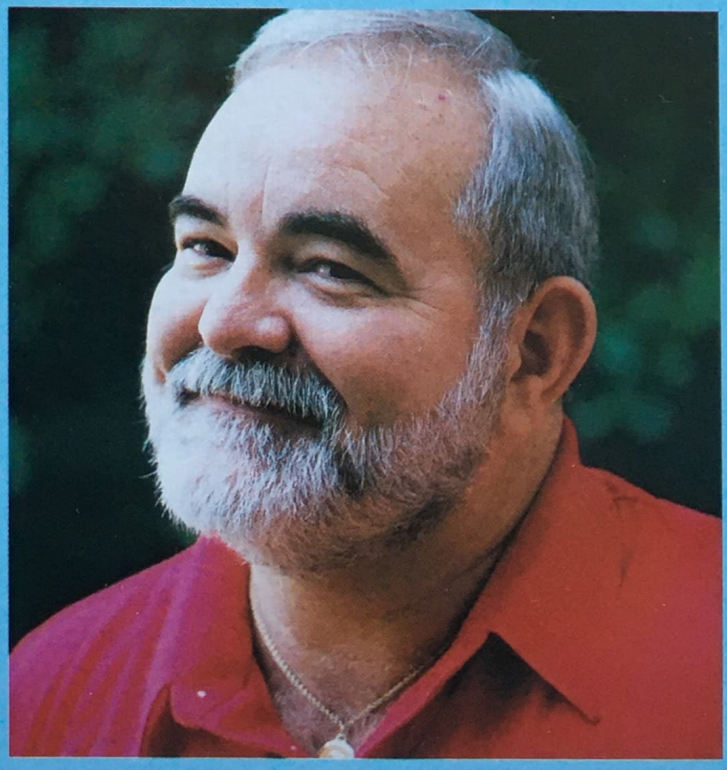


PHOTOS BY MANNY



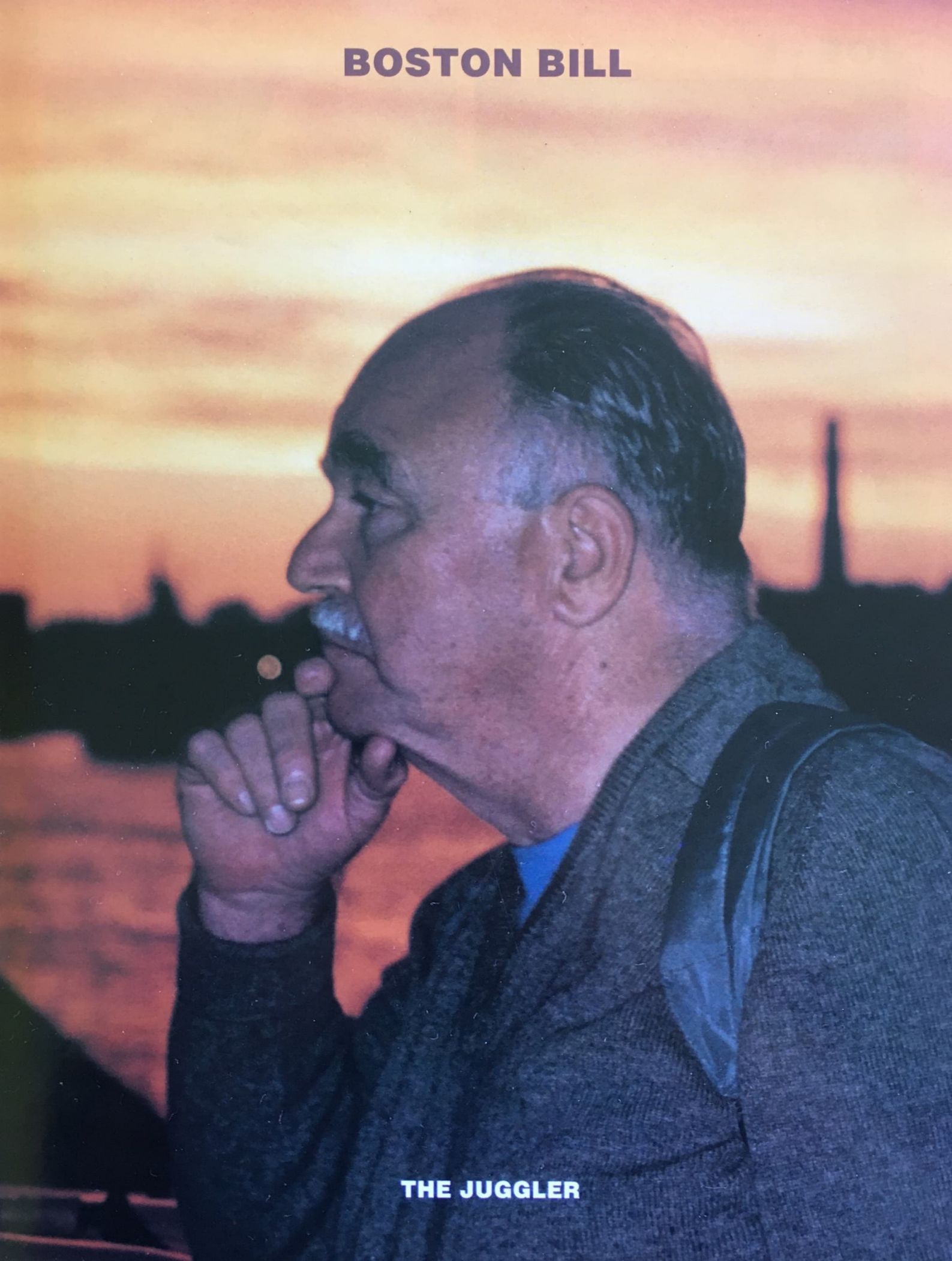






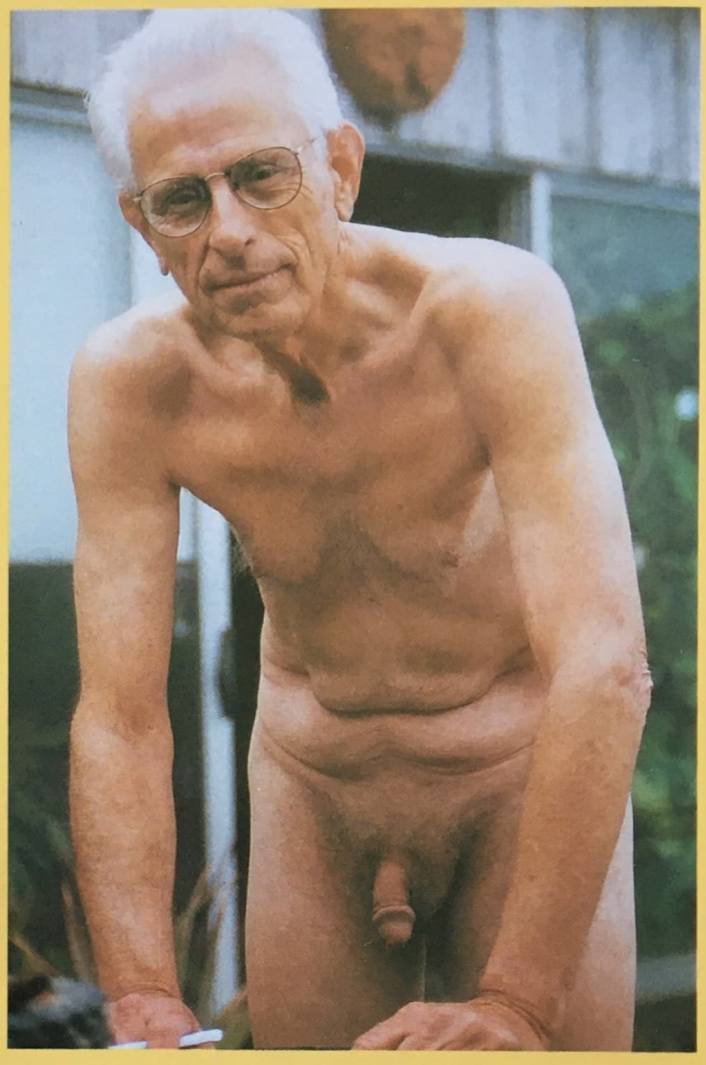
GLEN OF ENGLAND
PHOTO: JOHN OF HARROW

# BOSTON BILL



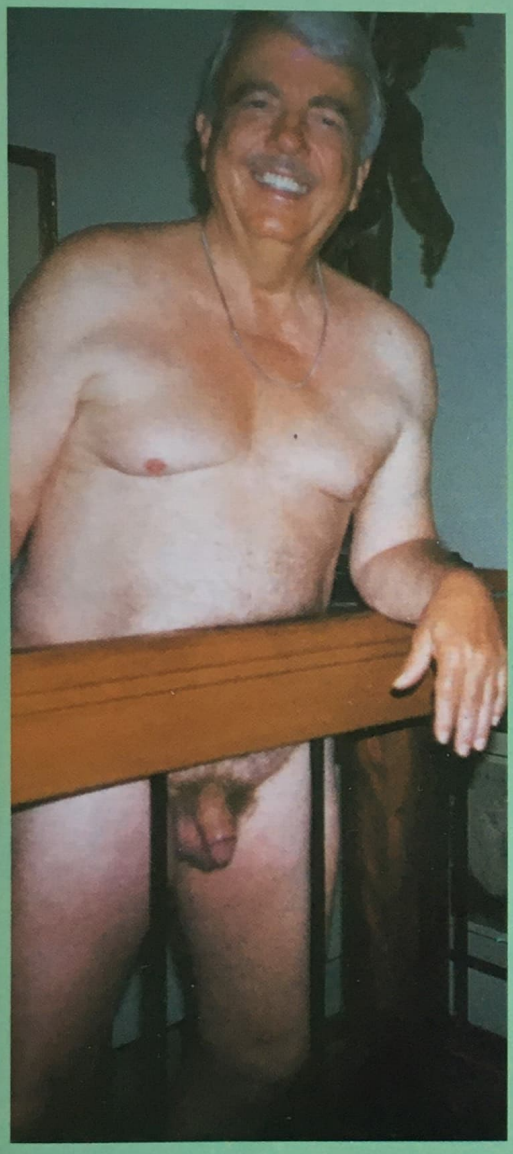
THE JUGGLER

# JOE - L



PHOTOS BY JOEL

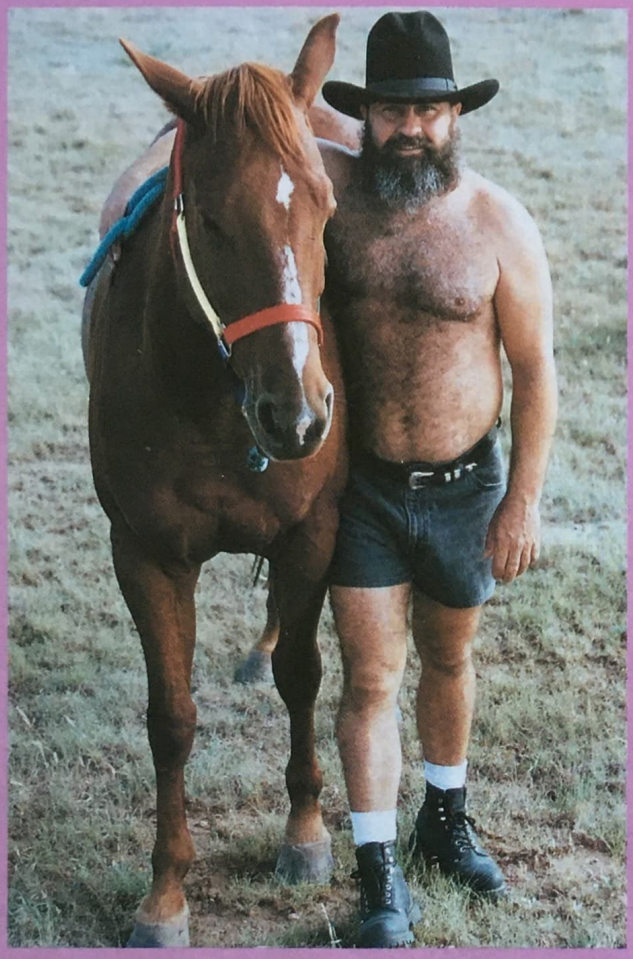
# CAMO

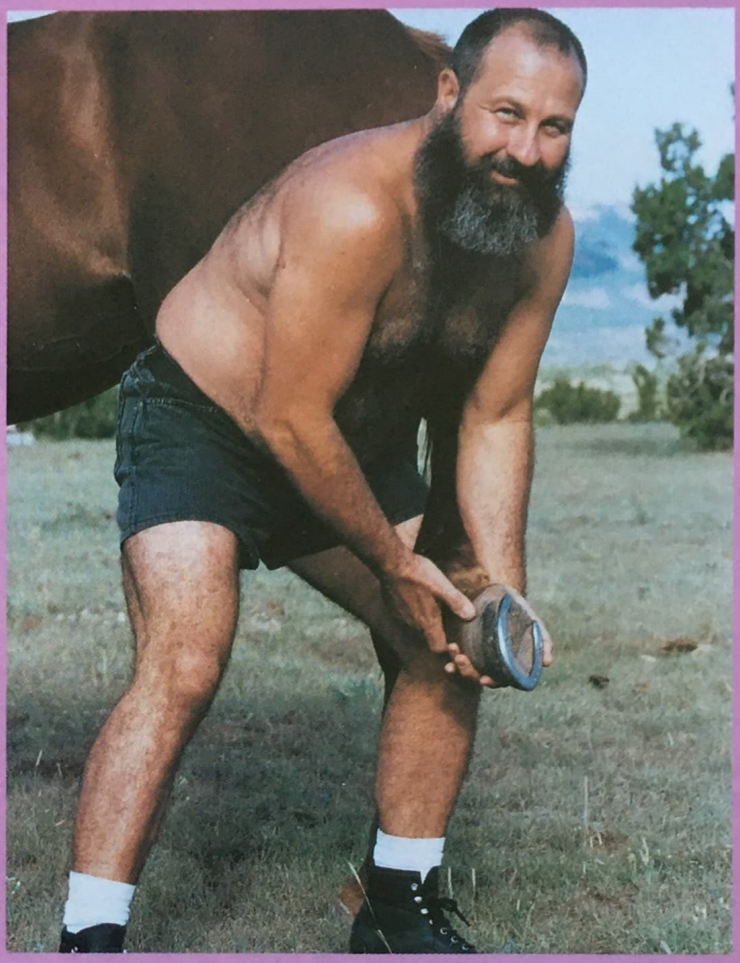


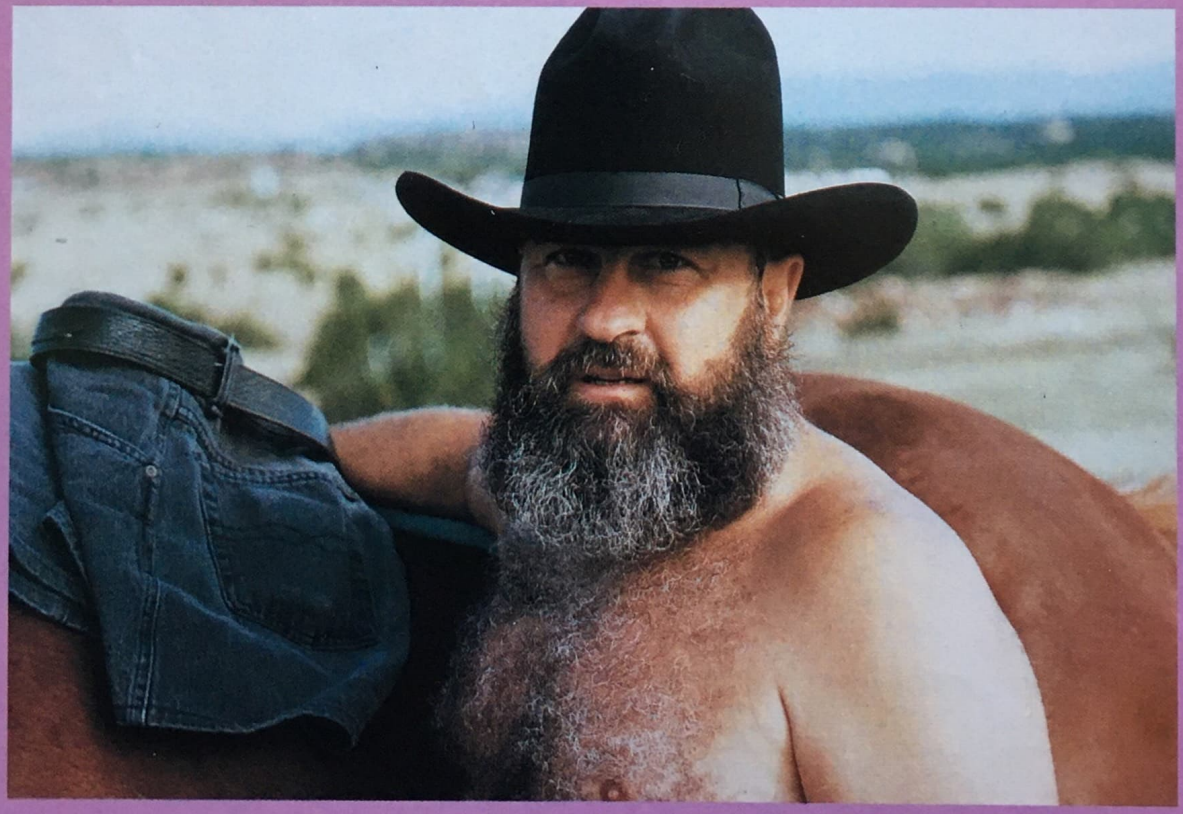
**PHOTOS BY HERB WIGLEY**

# RON OF NEW MEXICO

photos by Eaton







# THE THING TO DO

## (WHEN YOU'RE IN AMSTERDAM OVER NEW YEAR'S EVE)

### by ROBIN GOODFELLOW

The thing to do when you're in Amsterdam over New Year's Eve is to stay somewhere near the city-center or even on the Leidseplein itself ... that is, of course, unless you want to wait for a taxi all night on the freezing streets surrounded by drug-and-alcohol-intoxicated people throwing firecrackers at each other. The problem is that the streets of Amsterdam become the venue for what seems to be a great big city-wide party, and the trams and buses stop working by about 10 o'clock. Taxis, numerous as they are, simply cannot cope with the sheer volume of people wanting to go from A to B. Therefore, if you can't walk back to your hotel, it's too far away! I do not exaggerate about the firecrackers: these are Cuban cigar-sized red things which go off with the intensity of high-caliber firearms, and if they are put together in a sheaf, it sounds like a major military assault!

No, the thing to do is what my lover and I did. We met up with fellow C-Riser VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN and had a nice, quiet dinner in the Dorrius. This is an old restaurant in the same building as the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza, just down from the Central Station. Traditional Dutch food, heavy, stodgy, and just right for the freezing conditions. The head waiter is a late middle-aged, paunchy gentleman with a Germanic handlebar moustache. I think he has green eyes, and also a ring on the fourth finger of his left hand... unfortunately. By the time we came out at ten, we had to take a taxi to the Leidseplein because all the trams had stopped.

This is the little "square" in front of the American Hotel where the 'gay' quarter is. I say 'quarter' but it actually consists of one street, Kerkstraat, where all the gay venues are. Of course there are other gay venues scattered throughout the city, and there is the sleaze pit of De Walletjes, the 'Red Light District' where gay cinemas, live shows and porn peepholes have been relegated to basement dives in the narrow dark alleyways between Warmoestraat and Oudezijds-vorburgwaal. The more picturesque "establishments" on the waterfront have been reserved by the conventional practitioners of the oldest trade on earth. Even these have been divided into many little small shops with glass fronts. Only instead of dressed manikins adorning the shelf, there are undressed women beckoning and leering to passersby. Interestingly, they seem to make no distinction between male or female amongst the bemused public. Bah! The only redeeming feature of the red light district here is the Condom museum—exhibiting (and selling) the widest and most imaginative varieties of the sheath I have ever seen. There was even a glow-in-the-dark, green, mint-flavored condom with Mickey Mouse ears. I don't know ... I'll stick to Durex extra strong without the teat, I think.

Anyway, back to the Leidseplein. If it's supposed to be the gay quarter, why the hell are there so many straight people walking about? My guess is that on New Year's Eve, the tourists and partygoers are in town, and they're too drunk or stoned to notice.

The first thing is, you can't really experience the incoming new year in Amsterdam without being stoned. For this, I recommend the wares of a sleazy basement dive marked only by the graffiti on the walls as you descend the stairs from street level. This is to be found about ten yards down on the left of a brightly lit pedestrian street, diagonally across the Plein from the American Hotel. They will sell you a small self-sealing plastic bag of high quality bud for twenty-five Dutch guilders. It's so fresh, it's still moist. Put in a bit of tobacco from whichever brand your cancer stick is and it'll dry the bud while you make your way to Kerkstraat which is about 50 yards beyond, down Leidsestraat.

There is a nice, cozy little English-owned gay wine bar called Meia-Meia (Lord only knows what that means) which has a very conducive mix of generations. Don't be tempted to sit near the door where you will get more fresh air and not be poisoned by cigarette smoke and loud music, because the nice mature types are all at the other end of the bar! Most of them are English, doing what we did... seeing in the New Year in a town where no one will mind if you hold hands and kiss on the streets.

Meia-Meia has one distinct advantage: it is almost directly across the street from Thermos Night, a most excellent bathhouse. This is an extremely well-run and opulent establishment with a daytime counterpart on the other side of the same district, called Thermos Day (of course). Between the two, they have all 25 hours of the day covered ... you could just go from one to the other, if you so wished. It costs twenty-five guilders to get in, and this pays for unlimited time and unlimited access to the sauna, steam room, showers, spa, bar, video rooms, lots of comfortable seating areas, plunge pool, grope rooms and passages and endless cubicles. The interior has a marble-and-stone feel to it and the occasional 'naked-boy' statue renders a pleasant atmosphere of effete decadence. I realize when I write this, that my description fits both Day and Night, although Day is roomier and less maze-like, whereas Night has an awful lot of stairs, much to my lover's perennial annoyance.

When you pay your money at the desk, you're given a locker room and a skimpy towel (things look better in a skimpy towel, haven't you noticed?). Dump your stuff there and enter the maze of Thermos night with or without towel. There is an endless supply at the bar and you can change them as often as you please.

What strikes one immediately as you join the throng is how big people's dicks actually are and how relatively small your own is! No, I'm being perfectly serious. Everyone you look at, young or old, fat or thin, ugly or drop-dead gorgeous, seems to have a thick, pendulous penis! Whether they're thick and veiny or languid and silken, it makes no difference ... they're still bigger than your own little acorn. Perhaps it's because bathhouses attract this type in particular, or alternatively, your secret lifelong fear might just be true: you DO have a below-average size cock! (No, I'm not in therapy.)

Still, no matter. For the moment, everyone looks the same with a skimpy towel around their loins. You can dangle with the biggest bangles in this simple bit of disguise. We usually get in to Thermos Night at round about 11.45 p.m. and so, just as our minds and eyes adjust to the 'I've-just-died-and-gone-to-heaven' feeling, they're calling everyone into the bar over the loudspeakers to see the New Year in. So we all squeeze in round the comfortable bar, the boys in their white shirts and bow ties behind the counter have all got their bottles of free champagne ready, and you're rubbed up against the bare skin of a crowd of strangers. When you're this close, with practically nothing separating flesh, you end up talking to the next guy like you've known him for life. Everyone's jostling by (in a friendly kind of

way) to get to the *hors d'oevre*, and every now and then, someone gives you a friendly grope. You start giving gropes in return, and before you know it, you're not nearly so small as you thought ... and you're not dangling much either.

When they start counting backwards, my mind nearly always goes back to those few parties which I'd been to and hated in the past—all the straight couples, some of them your friends, all cuddling tip with each other in pairs, and then holding hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne." Until a couple of years ago when A. and I had our first experience of New Year down here, we had stopped going to any more New Year's celebrations. But down here, the champagne starts flowing and they play ABBA instead on the sound system: "Happy New Year," and the groping really goes to town. Me and A., we just kiss and grope.

The cubicles are great. It's like a darkened room with lots of wooden compartments, each with a large foam mattress cushion and extra pillows. The lighting is very dim (which is not good for me because I like to see what I'm doing), but the interesting thing about them is the intense, sexual atmosphere that fills the darkness, like an invisible, yet tangible gas. It gets in your lungs and through your blood until it's bursting at your fingertips and from the back of your eye sockets. All around are the sounds of sexual activity—rhythmic heavy breathing, grunts and groans, a few murmurs of passionate words—a litany of lust, and even before you touch the person you came in with, you're getting aroused. It is pretty hard to ignore: "ohh, uhh, uhh, uhh, aaah, aaaah, aaaah, coming, coming, COMEEEEEEENG, UH-UH-UHUH, etc, etc" Just standing by makes me hard; it's most curious. Firstly, it's knowing that the sounds are for real. Secondly, it's knowing that the sounds are something you wouldn't normally hear for real without making them yourself, directly or indirectly. Thirdly, it's the feeling that you're somehow a peeping-(or "listening")-tom but then realizing that it's all right. I wish I'd gone in with my tape recorder. You can always spot the English people in the cubicles—yes, they're in that quiet one over there with just the breathing.

The video room has been moved upstairs, from its position above the bar to the very top floor and, for this reason, is pretty much out of the way. Neither is it very comfortable, having only two long, high-backed seats arranged obliquely to the screen. It's comfortable enough for the two couples who will end up monopolizing the seating (since that's as many as it'll accommodate) , one sitting up and the other with his head in his partner's lap and his mouth full ...

The Jacuzzi is very comfortable indeed. It's big, the water's hot and the customers are very welcoming. Only remember, don't wash your face in the water, and don't get it in your mouth. And if you do, don't swallow ... unless, of course, you're into that sort of thing.

My two favorite places of all in Thermos, are the sauna and the steam room. Why? Because I come from a hot country, and I like it hot, sweaty, humid, stifling and close. I think close must be the operative word. When I was a little boy, and no one knew what a pervert I was, a recurrent fantasy of mine was to be in an enclosed space with lots of older, naked men and to be naked myself. Part of the mania was to be the only one with an erection and everyone would be looking at it—this feeling of being out of control and to be vulnerable to all by virtue of my exposure. Well, I got half of it at least: the problem is they all had erections and I DIDN'T! The other problem is, they're not all over fifty. There are lots of young, muscular, handsome, "Baywatch" types with silicone-injected schlongs draped over the wooden seats like it's the front cover of GQ or something. They bring out of me the Jewish or Italian grandmother, armed with a broom: "Get out, you filthy perverts; go put some clothes on. You oughta be ashamed of yourselves, and how comes you so swollen all over? Did you get stung by bees or something? Looks like one stung you down there, eh? Serves you right! *Ragazzi pazzi!*" Me? I'm not jealous! What the hell gives you that idea?

We staggered out of Thermos at four a.m. onto the crowded streets, debauched and exhausted. VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN still could not get over the firecrackers in the streets. Since he's from America, we had trouble convincing him that it was not a drug war, and that it was not automatic gunfire coming from the alleyway. You can barely take a step without crunching on broken glass, occasionally muffled by mounds of red, paper shards, the leftovers of sheaves of firecrackers. Yet you can rest assured that by midday, it will all be gone, cleaned up by the hyper-efficient and probably very well-paid municipal services. A., the "Gent" and I joined the taxi queue which was two hundred yards long and settled down for the long wait to get back to our hotel. It was cold as a dead penguin, but we knew we would still highly recommend the New Year in Amsterdam to anyone.

***

Here are just a few of the places mentioned in this little essay. They're just the places which are "special," I think, which we visited and of which we had first-hand experience. There are hundreds of decent and interesting places in Amsterdam, and you can look them up in any guide-book, but if you're there over New Years, you know that this works! (Look out for a young Chinese-looking guy with an older English Major.)

Restaurant Dorrius **** (For Dutch food—the 'real thing') Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza, Nieuwezijds-vorburgwaal, five-minutes south of Central Station

Meia-Meia, Kerkstraat 63 - wine bar with jazz, wide range of beers

Thermos Night, Kerkstraat 58
2330 hrs to 0800 hrs all week

Thermos Day, Ramstraat 33
1200 hrs to 2300 hrs Mon. to Fri.
1200 hrs to 2200 hrs Sat./Sun.

Condomerie Het Gulden Vlies (The Condom Museum/Shop), Warmoestraat 141

*ROBIN GOODFELLOW is a medical doctor currently practicing in Oxford, England. At Gathering '96 he conducted a workshop on the effects of long-term medication on sexual function and almost brought the house down. A prestigious doctor, a lecturer, a stand-up comedian, a great writer ... How lucky we are!*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10/96

# HOW?

## ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

### HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time by mail or UPS.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

### HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 S V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates when your last issue will arrive. The "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

### WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

*Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)*- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

*CR Classics* - a soft core erotic, entertainment-oriented publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

VIDEOS:

"Orlando '95", a non-adult entertainment production featuring the best of the CR Follies Gala during the past CR Gathering in Orlando. Many of those attending remarked that the show was as good as or better than a $50 Las Vegas show.

BOOKS:

*Quincunx* ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

*Three Short Novels* ... a collection of short novels by P.H. Colley

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We organize a Gathering of mature men and admirers every spring and Regional Assemblies during the year.

### HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

*CHIRON RISING* is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

### HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

*CR* - During the first ten days of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifth and the fifteenth of the month, provided that we haven't been sidetracked by a Gathering within that time frame. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the third or fourth week of the month.
*CR CLASSICS* - During the first ten days of May and November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

### HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

### HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

### HOW TO PISS US OFF

"Hot", "bounced," "bad," or otherwise unpaid checks have become an enormous headache for us. If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. See? We're nice guys. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

Not all customers are always right. Abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated. We therefore reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

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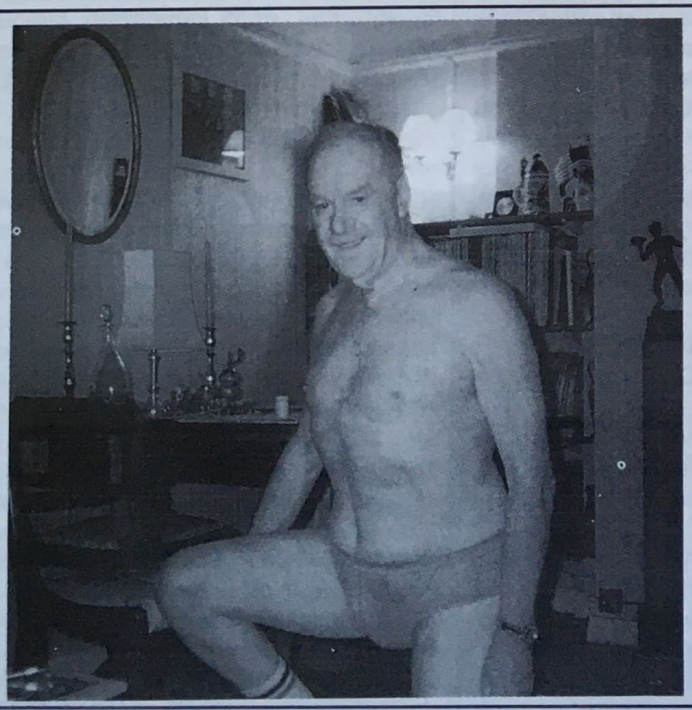


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## LATE BREAKING NEWS

According to a recent issue of *Science*, the results of a study conducted by Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston and the Tulane Regional Primate Center in Covington, Louisiana, has reinforced what many AIDS prevention experts have said all along: that oral sex poses a greater AIDS risk than generally believed. During the study, scientists dribbled the monkey AIDS virus, SIV, on the tongues of monkeys with healthy mouths (no cuts or gum disease) and found that the monkeys were orally infected with viral doses lower than those needed to infect monkeys rectally in other experiments. But Dr. Ruth Ruprecht of Dana Farber says that anal sex clearly is much riskier under real-world conditions. "This was done under laboratory conditions. There was no sexual activity." She adds that the study indicates no risk from kissing, because the viral levels in saliva are too low. Prevention experts, siting a handful of "clear-cut" cases of people infected by performing oral sex on HIV-positive men or women, maintain that although oral sex is a risk, vaginal and anal sex is a much more effective mode of infection. Michael Isbell of Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York says the study may help convince some doubters that the risk of oral sex is real.

Source: *USA TODAY*

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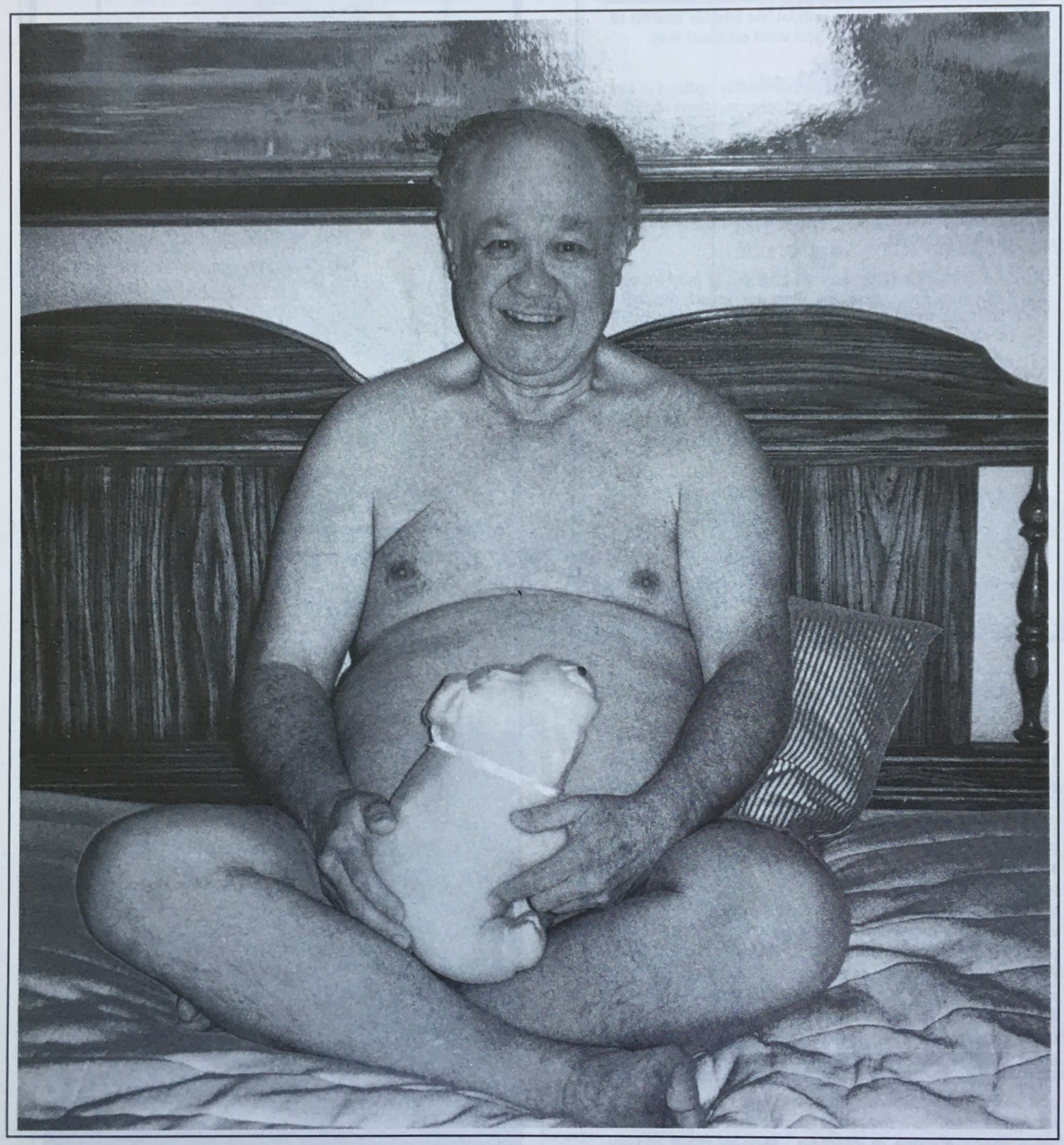


PHOTO BY ROSS

# THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

**NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:**

**1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.**

**2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE*.**

**3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE. NOTE THE RECENT POSTAGE INCREASE BY USPS.**

## ALABAMA

(8/96) NATIONWIDE/MONTGOMERY: BM, 36, 245#, seeks older white male, 50+, heavy/medium, friendship, visits. Write: Allen, P.O. Box 241841, Montgomery, AL 36124. Weekends: (334) 277-9270.

## ARIZONA

(8/96) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

(6/96) PHOENIX/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, 6 ft., 185#, HIV negative, in an open relationship, would like to meet distinguished gentleman, 50+, for mutual benefiting times. Not looking for relationship, just good old-fashioned fun. Write: **BEEP**

## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(8/96) SAN FRANCISCO AREA: Burly w/m, exec/dad type, looking for trim guy over 25 who enjoys the company of a heavier, probably older guy (late 40s). Nonsmoker, no drugs, HIV negative, moderately hairy, trim beard/moustache. Enjoy long, slow, sensual sessions, oral and tit play, and other goodies. RS, P.O. Box 2646, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

(6/96) NATIONWIDE: Short, fat and bald. Okay, enough about my lower parts. Besides, it's not really short. Sexy man looking for a sexy mate. I like big, burly bruisers with big bellies, 50-70. Partial to short fat guys too. I'm 62, 5'-10", 180#, masculine, balanced (financially and emotionally). Since chemistry is first, let's share photos. E.P., P.O. Box 1057, Fairfax, CA 94978.

(6/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/CENTRAL VALLEY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 175#, brown/green. Am your average straight-acting, drink-drug-smoke-free, honest, nice guy with little flaws, some being slightly overweight, usually oversexed, and rather under-hung. Seeking very similar, discreet GWHM to 55 with his own flaws (under-hung optional). Be versatile (we'll talk), height-weight proportional, with interests not heavily into sports, outdoors or extensive travel. I like old cars, shop, home. H.H., P.O. Box 9143, Fresno, CA 93790. (corrected)

(8/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive Thai male, 48, 5'-8", 170#, clean-shaven, healthy, HIV negative, professional. Enjoy traveling, cooking, antiques, stock market. Seeking clean-shaven, nonsmoker WM, 45-65. Send photo (will return) and telephone number. Will get prompt reply. Write: S.V., P.O. Box 70174, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

(8/96) MONTEREY PENINSULA MAN: seeks younger, slim, nonsmoking partner. I am 72, 5'-8", 150#. Interests: classical music, Scrabble, gourmet cooking. Am watercolor artist, retired educator. Write with photo: Len Lasnik, 13427 Agua Caliente, Castroville, CA 95012.

(8/96) SAN FRANCISCO: Married Bi WM, 48, 5'-9", 180#, beard, hairy, wife unaware, seeks mature men any age over 50. Bi, married, a plus. Any size or weight. Enjoy masturbation, being watched, receiving/giving French, giving Greek. Meet at your place, safe T-room, theater, or ? for lunchtime/daytime meetings. Couples welcome. Write: B.B., P.O. Box 424065, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(8/96) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: BiWM, 42, 6'-1", 235#, hairy, clean-shaven, cut, nonsmoker, healthy, active, HIV negative, professional pilot, discreet. Seeking friendship, experience and adventurous encounters. Enjoy photography, nudism, hot tubbing, videos, massages, etc. Can travel anywhere to meet you! Send letter/photo to: David, P.O. Box 255665, Sacramento, CA 95865.

(10/96) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Loving WM, 60, 5'-10", 185#, 9" thick cut. I am in relationship. Looking for dominant men over 55 to spank and love me. Roger: (415) 441-5191, or write: **ROGER II**

(10/96) NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: Anyone care to chat AOL? ARICH69@AOL.COM

(10/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-6", 210#, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, nonsmoker. Looking for someone to share home in Sierra Foothills. Must like dogs and be willing to help keep house clean, financially stable to pay half of household expenses. A retired person okay but not necessary. Your photo (will return) and phone number will get prompt reply. Write: COUNTRY SQUIRE

## CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(8/96) CENTRAL CAL/NATIONWIDE: Youthful 40, trim, swimmer's build, versatile, mature, well-educated, professional, very down to earth, giving and affectionate, who greatly values a sincere, loving friendship with older 60+, cultured, clean-shaven, distinguished appearing gentleman with a sound background—white hair, portly a plus. Photo appreciated. Write: **CARING**

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(2/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 250#+, NS, ND, HIV negative, passionate (oral A/P), nurturing, good sense of humor, retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine guy under 40 for friendship and fun. LTR possible. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(6/96) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Retired, non-drinking senior needed by very active C-Riser senior for house sitting and occasional caring for dogs. Free room in exchange. Should like rural living and dogs. **DOUBLE L**, phone no. (619) 868-0890

(10/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", 195#, sincere, Greek passive, horny but not hard-up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276. Tel: (619) 343-1546.

(8/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 6'-1", 195#, adventurous traveler, bicyclist. Likes outdoors, keeping in shape. Seeks nonsmoking, masculine senior who is sincere, affectionate and in-shape—someone who likes the above and who prefers quiet, quality times together. Your photo gets mine. **CYCLIST**

(6/96) TUSTIN/NATIONWIDE: SWM, 52, 6 ft., 188#, fair, smooth, in-shape, sensual and affectionate. Seeks special person to share life and bed. Monogamously inclined only, please. Sorry, no playboys or predators. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(2/97) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happy and horny, very masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, bellies, potency not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug passionately. I'm 64, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, very talented and enthusiastic. Write: Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(10/96) CALIFORNIA/NORTHWEST: RASCALLY FUN, TENDER-HEARTED BEAR: Fur bearing, gravitationally endowed, romantic and cheerful-natured bear, pleasant looking, 52, 5'-9", 270#, seeks absolutely monogamous lifetime BEARMATE. Shy or outgoing, 45-55 good. Looks not as important as a twinkle in the eye. Commitment, laughter and positive mental attitude essential. Write: **BEARMATE**

(10/96) YUCAIPA/REDLANDS: GWM, young senior, seeks correspondence with men any age. Interests edge architecture, landscaping, blue collar. Write: **FANTASIES**

(8/96) NATIONWIDE: Bear, 38, 6'-2", 280#, blue eyes, beard, hairy chest and ass, hung thick with P.A., versatile. I'm kind, honest and intelligent. Flannel to leather, love to try new things. Enjoy skiing, travel, eating out and quiet nights. Looking for masculine older men. Friendship or possible relationship. Photo (will return) and letter to: N.C., P.O. Box 5211, San Clemente, CA 92674.

(10/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Impressive British senior, 5'-8", 165#, green/silver, well-educated and traveled, cosmopolitan, nonsmoker/drugs, assertive, great sense of humor, many hobbies, spiritual, HIV negative. Seek friend, 30 to 50, professionally and personally secure for dating, hopefully leading toward relationship. Aware of 12-step program a plus. Willing to relocate for love. Would you? Picture/phone. Kenneth Morris, 73625 Catalina Way #19, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

(2/97) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Feisty, fuzzy, 55 GWM, sincerely searching for the guy with a positive attitude towards friendship, bonding, and a healthy home life. I'm 5'-10", 190#, above average looks, HIV negative, and secure in who I am. Seeking someone 35-49 and "together" enough to be ready for reality and willing to relocate. Please respond with photo to: DS in PS, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(2/97) WASHINGTON, D.C./NATIONWIDE: GBM, 42, 6'-1", 205#, moustache, loves cuddly safe play and feet/footwear. Seeks 30-70 for friendships/intimate times. Enjoy books, movies, theater, travel. Race/physique unimportant. Write: E.S., P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

## CONNECTICUT

(10/96) GRIZZLY WANTED: Are you big, burly and furry? GWM, 52, 6'-2", 173#, Bearded bear lover is looking for you! Write: Jan, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call: (203) 794-0868.

## FLORIDA

(6/96) OCALA: GWM, 50, HIV negative. Offers uninhibited mutual pleasure in the comfort of your home. Hard and horny, have it the way you want it. Creative and fun group welcome. No relationship wanted. Write: Pat Peerless, P.O. Box 1447, Belleview, FL 34421.

(6/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 57, 6 ft., 205#, brown/brown, with slight graying of the hair, HIV negative, fatherly type, looking for younger son/brother to care for and share with. Only prerequisite is a willingness to bond and be intimate. Write: **FATHER JOHN**

(6/96) FT. LAUDERDALE: GWM, 5'-8", 220#, lt. green eyes, brown hair, moustache, moderately hairy body, French a/p, mostly active. Looking for an older man, 40-65, who loves to hug, cuddle and kiss. Write: **CUDDLER MIKE**

(6/96) TAMPA BAY AREA: GWM, 58, 5'-10", 155#, nonsmoker, nondrinker, seeking friends for summer move (semi-retirement looms on the horizon) to Tampa from Baltimore, MD. Interests include camping, Country Western line and two-step dancing, gardening, swimming, roller skating, reading, and roller coasters. Write: **HUNKIE**

(8/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: GBM, 31, 5'-5", 145#, clean, masculine, HIV negative, smooth body, French A/P, top. No smoke, drink or drugs. I'm sincere, affectionate, romantic and a damn good lover! In search of a mature man, 50 and up, any race/build, who is warm, sincere, confident and, along with myself, willing to invest time and energy into building a long-term, closed relationship. No games. Respond with letter/photo (will return) to: **BLACKMAGIC**, or E-mail: BLK8MAGIC@aol.com

## GEORGIA

(8/96) ROSWELL, GEORGIA: WM, 79, 5'-10", 195#, widower, retired teacher, masculine, affectionate, seeks 60s to 85. Prefer under 200 pounds, nonsmoker or nondrinker,

no drugs, masculine, educated, cultured, for friendship and sex. Enjoy kissing, cuddling, fondling, nudism, foreplay. Also: classical music, theatre, the arts and home conversation. Write or call: Phil Robinson, 609 Eaglecrest Village Lane #4, Roswell, GA 30076, or call (770) 587-3105.

(8/96) ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 5'-8", silver hair, moustache, shy, distinguished, affectionate, proud of who I am, nonsmoker, drug-free, healthy, a romantic that loves to cuddle, kiss, and much more. Seeks younger man, 25-40, slim, as a friend, lover, lifemate. Must be a man who wants to love and share his life with an older man; to share good times, fun times, quiet times, music (jazz to classical), movies, stage, travel, outdoors, bicycling, gardening, reading, eating in/out, Christmas. Photo gets mine. Write: **MALCOLM**

(8/96) ATLANTA AREA: Hot, top-versatile, naturist GW Gentleman, 60s, 6'-0", 192#, blond-gray, brown-green, 'stache, smooth, gym-active, handsome, burn-injured veteran, cut 6", seeks: 40+, Bi/GW Gentlemen, HIV negative, no Herpes, at least Fr A/P, Greek P or want to be again. For: regular/frequent, single/group encounters of safe fun and camaraderie. Jovial, relaxed, uninhibited, affectionate, honest attitude assures success. No smokers/drunks/drugs/SM/meanness. Your phone and returnable nude photo with SASE gets mine. Condor, P.O. Box 13863, Atlanta, GA 30324-0863.

(10/96) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 5'-6", 185#, brown/brown, balding, clean-shaven, some body hair, seeks older GWM hirsute totally front and back. For companionship only. Write: LCS, P.O. Box 144, Lilburn, GA 30226-0144.

## ILLINOIS

(6/96) ILLINOIS: 60s, 5'-11", 170#, young-looking. Like to travel, fish, golf, snow ski, play tennis. Enjoy C & W dancing. Looking for warm, loving, friend, over 40, for travel and possible relationship. Respond with photo. **ED 606**

## INDIANA

(6/96) WEST-CENTRAL INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: 52, 5'-9", 185#, 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older (60s to 80s) white, clean-shaven, gray/white hair, uncut, short and stocky a plus. I'm a social drinker, smoke a pipe, like golfing, fishing and traveling. I have a lot of love to share with anyone who likes a good man-to-man relationship. Send photo and phone number to R.D.W., 1536 S. Center St., Terre Haute, IN 47802.

(6/96) NW INDIANA/CHICAGO AREA: GWM, 40, 5'-9", reddish/thinning hair, moustache, HIV negative, seeking GWM, 50+, for relationship. Write: Pat Collins, P.O. Box 986, Hammond, IN 46320.

(6/96) WABASH: Affectionate, cuddly, playful guy, 33 year old, nonsmoker. Enjoy sports, bowling, motorcycles, gay mags, videos. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 266, Wabash, IN 46992.

(6/96) INDIANA: GWM, 38, 5'-9", 150, balding, salt & pepper hair, goatee. Enjoys company of husky, furry, affectionate and mature men. Live in NW Indiana, one hour from Chicago. Professional, college degree, work nights. Call Mark, (219) 763-3157

(6/96) TERRE HAUTE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 185#, attractive, youthful, recently retired professional, academic, Ph. D., passionate and vibrant, seeks companionable GMs, any race, 30-75, for friendship and more. I enjoy travel, theatre, gardening, music, and books. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write to: J.M., P.O. Box 1441, Terre Haute, IN 47808-1441.

(6/96) BLOOMINGTON: Attractive, appetizing GWM, 58, blond/brown, hairy chest, 5'-4", cut, 160#, seeking submissive French active/Greek passive, 40-65, lovehole hungry, for discreet but intense love in the afternoon. Let's meet and have a glorious affair! Roger, P.O. Box 6174, Bloomington, IN 47407.

(6/96) INDIANAPOLIS/NATIONWIDE: BiHM (Brazilian born), 51, 5'-9", 195#, short graying hair, HIV negative, intelligent, gentle, healthy. In search of bi/gay WM, HIV negative, 40 years old and above (older the better), preferably hairy, bald or balding, stocky to fat, for friendship and more. I am well endowed, 7-1/2 uncut, French A/P only. I enjoy cooking, traveling. Your photo (will return), if possible, will get prompt reply. Write: **RIO JOHN**

## KANSAS

(6/96) NATIONWIDE: BM, 30, 6'-1", 176#, HIV negative, nonsmoker, educated, caring and honest, seeks a fatherly type gentleman, 36-70, any race, for a loving relationship/friendship. Various interests. Can relocate. Photo appreciated. J.W., P.O. Box 1721, Manhattan, KS 66505.

## KENTUCKY

(2/97) LOUISVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 144#, brown hair, blue eyes, semi-hairy, 6-1/4" cut, enjoys flowers, trees, hiking, 4WD, fleamarkets. Naturist, naturalist, sun king. Seeks WM, 50+, couples, married, clergy welcome. Please, no extremely heavy, masculine only. Write: M. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165, or call (502) 543-8598. VERY DISCREET.

## MARYLAND

(6/96) BALTIMORE: Just moved to the Baltimore area. GWM, 32, 6 ft., 210#, stocky, brown/hazel, trim beard, hairy, masculine. Seeks GWM, 40+, for friendship, monogamous relationship. I'm HIV negative, inexperienced, educated. Enjoy old movies, videos, quiet evenings, sports, great conversation. You: masculine, HIV negative, experienced, hairy, stocky, honest, top leaning, versatile. Please write (with photo, if possible). Will return and answer all. **R CUBED**

## MICHIGAN

(6/96) MICHIGAN: Didn't get your name at April DTMC Concert in Southfield. Write: **ROGER & SHUTTERHUG**

## MISSISSIPPI

(10/96) BILOXI: GWM, 70, 6'-2", 170#, gray hair, brown eyes, seeks any age for friendship and more. Enjoy bingo, walking, reading, dancing, old movies on TV, and traveling. Especially like clergy and professionals. All replies answered. Am retired professor, church worker, Christian. J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

## MISSOURI

(6/96) ST. LOUIS: Two GWM, 61, 5'-4"/51, 6'-4", 31 years together, seek sincere, down-to-earth-type guys, no age/race barrier. We are not into drugs, smoke, bars, baths or parks. HIV negative. Come share home-cooked meals, skinny dipping, nudism. We do organic gardening - into vegetables and flowers. We're honest, unpretentious, real, caring guys and value friendship very very much. **COUNTRY GUYS**

(6/96) KANSAS CITY AREA: GWM, 66, 6'-4", 195#, gray/hazel. Enjoy reading, videos, animals, nudity, mutual J/O, cuddling, all sex, penpals welcome, all answered. **GALLOWAY**

(4/97) ST. LOUIS: 51 year old submissive white male, clean, HIV negative, and expect same, seeking dominant male, any race, 70+ for oral pleasures. Revealing photo and phone appreciate. T.P., P.O. Box 410118, St. Louis, MO 63141.

## NEVADA

(6/96) NEVADA/NATIONWIDE: George Peppard look-a-like, 63, seeks friends under 45, any race. Passions include: architecture, Latin America, reading, old films/musicals and cats. Rick: (702) 329-2474.

(6/96) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 36, 5'-7", 175#, seeking a loving partner, 58+, for permanent relationship. Prefer stocky WM, no beard. Photo, phone. Write: Steve N., P.O. Box 4344, North Las Vegas, NV 89036.

ANSWER ALL YOUR MAIL, AND BE KIND TO ZEALOUS DWEEB WHO'S NOT YOUR TYPE. HE COULD INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE WHO IS.

## NEW JERSEY

(10/96) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(6/96) NATIONWIDE: Professional Chinese, 39, 5'-6", 160#, attracted to men over 60. Looking for someone to love and be loved. Enjoy sports, traveling, and all the good things in life. Please write with photo to: **DCL**

## NEW MEXICO

(6/96) SANTA FE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 56, 5'-9", 140#, French A/P, dark hair (balding/greying), hazel eyes, short-trimmed beard/moustache, hairy, uncut, nonsmoker. Computer-illiterate and somewhat socially dysfunctional, but do enjoy arts, crafts, architecture, music, nature, dogs, classic cars, gardening and home-centered life. Seek mature UNCUT, nonsmoker who craves love and romance. Only safe, sincere, clean, affectionate, please. Photo/write: J.F.S., #1 Eldorado Way, Santa Fe, NM 87505.

## NEW YORK

(8/96) NEW YORK CITY AREA: GWM, young 49, 5'-8", 140#, b/b, in-shape, healthy HIV +, supportive and affectionate, Ph. D., second home in eastern Long Island, two grown and independent children. Enjoy weekend guests, dining in/out, NY cultural stuff, music, working out, skiing. Versatile. You are GM, asymptomatic, matured by HIV, in-shape, with a great smile and sense of humor. Write G.B., P.O. Box 556, Greenport, NY 11944.

(4/97) NATIONWIDE - OVER 65? Masculine GWM, 45, tall, trim, hairy, warm, caring, romantic, loyal, non-promiscuous, nonsmoker, health-conscious, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship of a lifetime. Let me service you, love you, worship you. Let us enter our own new world. You and me together. Any area. Please send detailed letter and photo. Steve Collingwood, Box 246, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(6/96) LLOYD BRIDGES TYPE: Sensual, deep-throated, dentured, 66, likes servicing horny men, singly/couples, who enjoy kissing, nipple play (mine sizzle!) being rimmed, then getting gummed off. Prefer (not strictly) big, husky/short stockies, any age/endowment, overweight okay. Partial to hirsutes, Italians, Greeks, tattooed blue collars, cops, military, masculine life-styles. Kinks considered. Can travel. R.A.R., Box 3084, New York, NY 10163. (212) 684-3582.

(10/96) NEW YORK/WESTCHESTER: GWM, 34, 5'-10", 178#, good-looking, humorous, honest, well-educated, professional European moving to NYC in August. Seeks older man, 50-65, preferably white hair, stocky and shorter, for relationship. I love cooking, traveling, tennis, reading, research, and social outing, sun. Your photo gets mine. Write: Spain, FDR Station, P.O. Box 1064, New York, NY 10150.

## NORTH CAROLINA

(6/96) TAYLORSVILLE: GWM, 41, 6'-1", 190#, 6-1/2 cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older, 55-70, white, clean-shaven, gray, short. Stocky a plus. Enjoy cuddling, kissing, foreplay, oral, walking on the beach, mountains. Write or call Steve, 48 Creekside Dr., Taylorsville, NC 28681, (704) 495-4983.

(10/96) WINSTON-SALEM AREA/WILL TRAVEL: Straight WM, 67, 5'-8", 156#, trim, neat, French passive. Prefer GWM, any age, that likes older men. Call George, (800) 307-4665.

(10/96) CUB SEEKING LIFEMATE: Me: 32, 5'-9", 240#, strong, husky, hairy, blond/blue, moustache, masculine, versatile, E.M.S. professional, honest, intelligent, sense of humor. Living in Michigan, but would like to relocate south. You: older, husky, hairy, but I'm open for surprises. Letter with photo to: Jerry, P.O. Box 2067, Bay City, MI 48707.

## NORTH DAKOTA

(6/96) FARGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, young 70, 5'-5", 185#, balding, body hair, masculine. Likes good conversation, good music, and travel. Seeks short, big-bellied men, 225#, age 45+, for friendship and sex. No drugs. I can travel and entertain. Your photo gets mine. Write to: Art J., P.O. Box 1476, Fargo, ND 58107

## OKLAHOMA

(6/96) OKLAHOMA CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 5'-8", 170#, cut, brown hair (lightly graying), brown eyes, HIV negative, nonsmoker, social drinker. Enjoys movies, travel, cooking, eating out and quiet evenings at home. Adjusts well to most likes of others. Lots of affection and attention to give. Will keep house, pamper and spoil the right partner. Desires monogamous relationship with GWM, fatherly type, age 62+, financially secure and stable. Must be clean-shaven, chubby, balding (fine), cut, nonsmoker, HIV negative who enjoys sleeping together. Must be loving and affectionate. Letter with your picture (a must and returnable) gets mine. I can relocate. Write: Nathan Bussey, P.O. Box 57765, Oklahoma City, OK 73157.

## OHIO

(6/96) OHIO/NATIONWIDE: Easy-goin', sincere, stable and healthy 29 year old man, seeking masculine, affectionate older (late 40s to 50s) man; especially attracted to rugged, husky, men of Celtic descent. I'm 5'-10", 155#, and enjoy golf, sports, outdoors, movies, and music. Please respond with a photo and phone number to: **EAGLE**. Discretion is a must.

## PENNSYLVANIA

(6/96) PITTSBURGH: GWM, 65, 5'-11", 227#, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks 50-65, preferably hairy, stocky, for friendship, maybe more. I enjoy hiking, cooking, sports, theatre, movies, music, traveling. Semi-retired. Prefer guy from Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, or West Virginia. Photo and phone get prompt reply. Write: **SUNDANCE KID**

(8/96) PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Aggressive GBM, 46, 6'-0", 175#, seeks 30-72 male of any race for friendship and more. Into travel, theatre and exercise. Photo and telephone to: **wmson@warwick.net** or RW, 3358 Sunrise Lake, Milford, PA 18337-9649

## SOUTH CAROLINA

(10/96) ANDERSON: OLDER/YOUNGER MAN: Me: GWM, 52, 6 ft., 275# bear, salt & pepper hair, beard, hairy, loving, paternal, commitment-ready, relationship-oriented. You: 30-40, hairy, mate-minded, independent, intelligent, considerate, loving. My interests: travel, outdoors, writing, quiet evenings, cuddling, showers together. Erik, P.O. Box 47, Anderson, SC 29622.

## TEXAS

(6/96) SHERMAN: GWM, looking for an honest and sincere person for a good, honest relationship. I do not drink or smoke or use drugs. I'm 54 years old, with blue eyes and brown hair. Weight: 190#. HIV negative. Write to John Brewer, 719 S. Charles, Sherman, TX 75090. (903) 868-2448.

(8/96) CENTRAL TEXAS: GWM, 42, 5'-11", 230#, brown/brown, cut 6", big low hangers, 'stache, beefy ex-football/weightlifter bottom. HIV negative. Seeking GWM (top), 40s - 60s. I have a lot of love to share with right person. Gooch, 202 Camp Craft Road, Austin, TX 78746.

(8/96) WACO: Quiet, lonely white gentle Ben, 41, 5'-10", chubby, nonsmoker, kind, considerate, naive, trusting, very affectionate and loving. Love to hung, kiss, cuddle, caress, fondle. Enjoy baking, crosswords, comedy. Cannot relocate or travel. Employed. Seeking relationship with white conservative type gentlemen, 55+. Prefer slender, slight hairy, medium small frame.

Should expect constant fondling and hands everywhere. Write: Ray Shamblin, 388-A Richland Dr., Waco, TX 76710.

(8/96) DALLAS/NATIONWIDE: ASIAN, 37, 5'-7", 140#, trim, smooth, athletic, healthy, nonsmoking, multilingual professional seeks 50-65, educated, cultured, honest, healthy, weight/height proportionate WM for monogamous long-term relationship. Enjoy music, reading, foreign films, learning languages, working out. Write: T.J.T., Box 551193, Dallas, TX 75355-1193.

(8/96) DALLAS/FT. WORTH AREA/NATIONWIDE: BiWM, married, professional, young 60, 5'-6", 135#, brown crewcut, attractive, masculine, French A/P, 100% healthy, great sense of humor. You: younger, similar. I live in Denton and have a place. Hope to find a friend to see often, no strings. Write: **DENTON**

(6/96) EL PASO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 195#, seeks 30-50. Enjoy intimacy, communication, travel, home life. The best is yet to be in my place. Relationship wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 371885, El Paso, TX 79937.

(8/96) AUSTIN: AM, 29, 6 ft., 210#, well-educated, no experience, looking for a mature man in area for friendship and a possible long-term relationship. Like tennis, good movies, music, and food. Write with photo and will return all. Write: **TEXASIAN**

### UTAH

(10/96) WESTERN STATES/NATIONWIDE: 55, 6 ft., 190#, great shape, athletic, into weights, masculine, hairy chest, friendly, professional, wide interests, HIV negative, French A/P, affectionate, cuddly, etc. Seeks GWM masculine, hairy, HIV negative, safe, nice guy, average to large equipment, nonkinky. Age and looks not important. Sincerity and honesty are. Pluses are stocky (not too fat), facial hair, bald, extra hairy, into erotic massage, etc., happy and well adjusted. Write Dan Mack, P.O. Box 863, Salt Lake City, UT 84110.

### WASHINGTON

(6/96) SEATTLE AREA MAN SEEKS YOUNGER PARTNER who is mature, strongly self-sufficient, likes himself, and is willing to make the effort that it takes to establish a long-term, monogamous relationship. I'm 59, 6'-1", 210#, masculine, caring, aggressive, affectionate, hairy and bearded. I have diverse interests, including travel, sailing, skiing, hiking, movies, the theater, history, the arts and home. Please be a man who can follow at times but lead at others. Can you relocate? Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096

(8/96) PACIFIC NORTHWEST/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Black teddy bear, 64, 210#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bear, 40+, for friendship, etc. Interests include traveling, classical music, theatre, museums, reading, safe sex, cuddling. In Europe most summers. Write: Jim, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

(6/96) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 6'-1", 215#, looking for chubby men from 50-70, who are French a/p and Greek P and who enjoy making love before, during, and after sex. However, I am not looking for any long-term relationships. I am HIV negative and careful about having protected safe sex. Write: **EVERGREEN**

(6/96) WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: BiWM, 67, 5'-8", 168#, brown/brown. Seeks any age/race, bi/GWM. Although bi, I prefer men. Good shape, active, cyclist, sailor, horny, likes videos, nudism. Seeks pen pals, long-term relationship, occasional daytime meetings. Nondrinker, nonsmoker, non-STD. Write: **DONNY**

### INTERNATIONAL

*(NOTE: International letter rates have gone up. Please check with your postmaster. Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient. )*

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(10/96) CANADA (AND USA): GWM, retired professional, tall, hairy, in-shape, good appearance, clean, well-hung, and uncut. I have many interests including sports. I seek 65 or under, masculine, who is likewise healthy, kind, honest, loyal, for a faithful, monogamous relationship. I am versatile, including great oral skills. Prefer nonsmoker, non- or light-drinker. Would enjoy warmer, dry climate. **NORTHERN BLUE JAY**

(6/96) ENGLAND: Couple, 73 and 48, seek international friends over 50 who would enjoy long-term visits to our country. Maybe permanent third man, shortish, stocky, sixtyish, clean-shaven, to enrich our present happy relationship. Write: Ray Hambley, 21 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, ENGLAND BH1 4EQ.

(8/96) MEXICO: GWM, 50, 5'-2", 135#, professional, warm, gentle, affectionate, sincere, looking for heavy guys, 50+, for friendship and future visits. Enjoy fine arts, theatre, movies, travel, reading. Write: **LATINO**

(12/96) CANADA AND U.S.: GM, lawyer, Chinese, 32, 5'-4", stocky, cultured, refined, well-travelled, seeks accomplished, caring gentleman, 55+, for friendship leading to commitment. Future relocation possible. Write: **QC**

*[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent **solicited** photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and show copy to us at bottom. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]*

# COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

### BED AND BREAKFAST

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS: An enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast resort perched atop a mountain called "Magic" in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking view of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Special rates for C-Risers: $72 per room per night, or $36 per person, double occupancy. Includes full breakfast. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571. Site of the first two CR GATHERINGS.

### BACK ISSUES

For sale: SWAN, CR, Early RFD collectible back issues - $12 each, postpaid. R.A. Kosek, R1, Box 184, Morgan, MN 56266. (8/96)

### CATALOG FOR MEN OVER 40

15 years ago I began a journey of self-discovery. In that time I spent a fortune on everything from vitamins to crystals! I have now compiled a catalog for men over 40 that I feel is of value. If interested, send me your address: Brenthoven, P.O. Box 68, Alpine, WY 83128, or Brenthoven, 11 Panorama Pl., Queenstown, New Zealand. Catalog is FREE.

WANT TO WRITE BUT ASSUME THAT THE ADVERTISER IS BURIED IN MAIL? YOUR LETTER JUST MAY BE THE BRIGHTEST ONE, OR THE ONLY ONE.

**CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS**

HOLIDAY BULLETIN is a correspondence club for older mature men and younger men who like the older ones. Send $1 for first bulletin and ad blank. Box 582209, Minneapolis, MN 55458-2209.

**MASSAGE**

MASSEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE in Long Beach with 45 years experience. Magic hands will make you long remember The Ultimate Massage. $40. Gene: (310) 432-6553, before 8:30 pm. (8/96)

**ORGANIZATIONS**

STOP feeling inadequate because you are small endowed or short in stature. Admirers welcome. Hundreds of guys nationwide from 21-80s. SASE to SMALL, P.O. Box 610294, Bayside, NY 11361-0294

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## CR'S NEW MASCOT

When we were threatened with an injunction back in the late eighties by a lesbian newsletter called The Swan, we dumped our name and Swan mascot and had artist RAM create a new beast to go with our new name, Chiron Rising. Since Chiron was a centaur, we adopted the mythological beast for our mascot. About the time we were beginning to get serious with our little mascot, along comes ... well, you know the story. We've now chosen a for-real beast as a mascot: the male lion. Silver Simba has been chosen for its name. Like Chiron Rising, Silver Simba will soon be a registered trademark.

We therefore announce the search for an official image of the Silver Simba and invite our artist contributors and readers, professional or otherwise, to submit rough sketch copies (no original or finished works) for our review. Will consider serious or cartoon depictions of a lion with a silver mane. The artist submitting the sketch that knocks us on our butts will be commissioned to do a professional quality, full-color portrait of our "king of beasts" for the sum of $1,000, which will include all rights.

Artwork should be submitted no later than August 15, 1996.

## ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

Read this issue's IN CLOSING and determine if you have what it takes to become a member of the now-forming order. If you have lost a lifemate or are losing one now, or if you just want to be prepared when it does happen to you, send for more information.

This will be an organization manned by volunteers. There will be no dues, no salaries, no contract fees, no charges. All news of interest to members will be relayed through *Chiron Rising* Magazine. There will be no separate newsletter or membership list. Members may choose to work anonymously, if so desired.

One need not be a member to receive help. A simple call or letter to CR, and we'll be there for you. You become a member of the Order the minute you ask for help.

## CONVERGENCE '96 IN SAN DIEGO

Can't get San Diego out of your mind? Then go back! Girth & Mirth of San Diego is hosting the Bigmen's '96 Convergence at the Radisson in San Diego. Until August 28, 1996, you can get your registration for $200. At the door it will be $225. Registration includes ongoing hospitality suite action, a Friday cocktail reception, a Saturday brunch, a Sunday breakfast, entry into one of four offsite attractions, a Sunday banquet with live entertainment and a Monday farewell brunch. A great package! For more information, call (619) 685-8822. (or Converg96@aol.com)

## PERSONNEL CHANGES AT CR

Part-time Office Manager Joe O'Connell has left CR to relocate to Northern California. Joe was with us for just a year, having approached us last June offering to do volunteer work. He will be replaced by Harry Berman (aka KARL), who will work full time, substantially expanding the responsibilities of the Office Manager's duties.

Marsh Cassady resigned as Editor of *Chiron Rising* and *CR Classics* Magazines. The duties of Editor have been taken over by P.H. Colley.

Manager of Production and Distribution, Gary Blowers, has resigned in order to pursue full-time work in Los Angeles. He was a part-time employee of CRPI, but his responsibilities were immense. The position will be absorbed by Allan Lucas, who has been promoted to Operations Manager.

We wish Joe, Marsh and Gary lots of luck in their new endeavors and extend to them all a very profound thanks for helping us out.

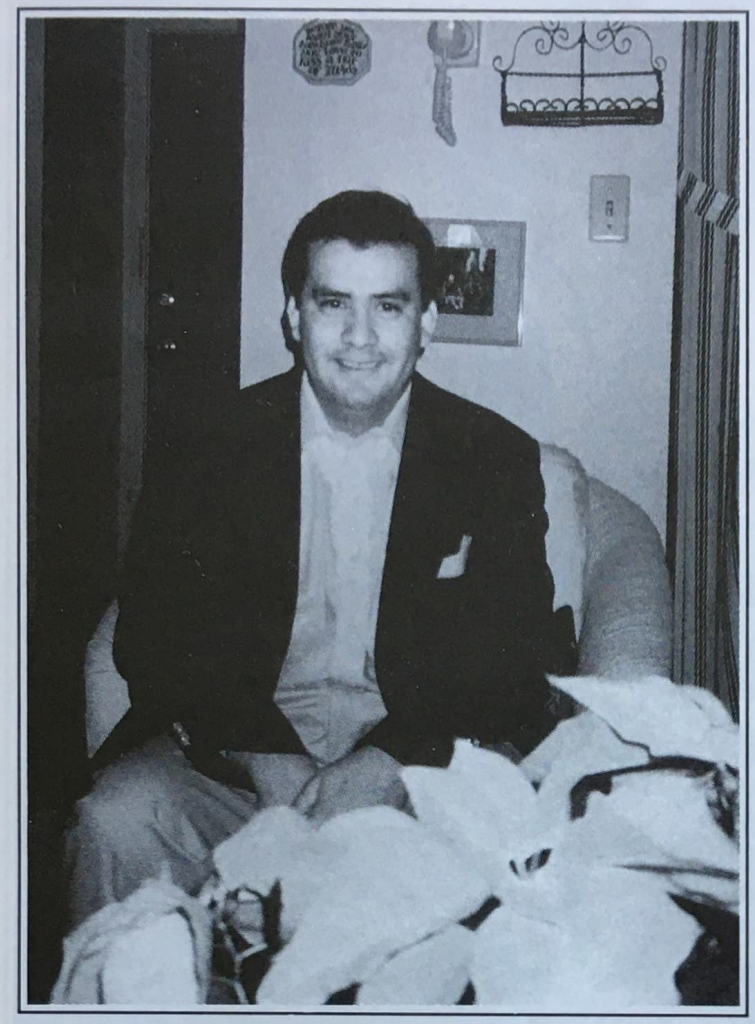
## A NEW BIGMEN'S MAGAZINE

Big Ad Productions, publishers of Big Ad Magazine, have come out with Heavy Duty, which promises to be a full color version of Bulk Male (which has started publishing again after fears that they would go out of business). The cover price is $6.95. For more information, contact Big Ad Productions, P.O. Box 14725, San Francisco, CA 94114. Tel: (415) 626-6350; Fax: (415) 626-2085; Email: BigAdMag@aol.com

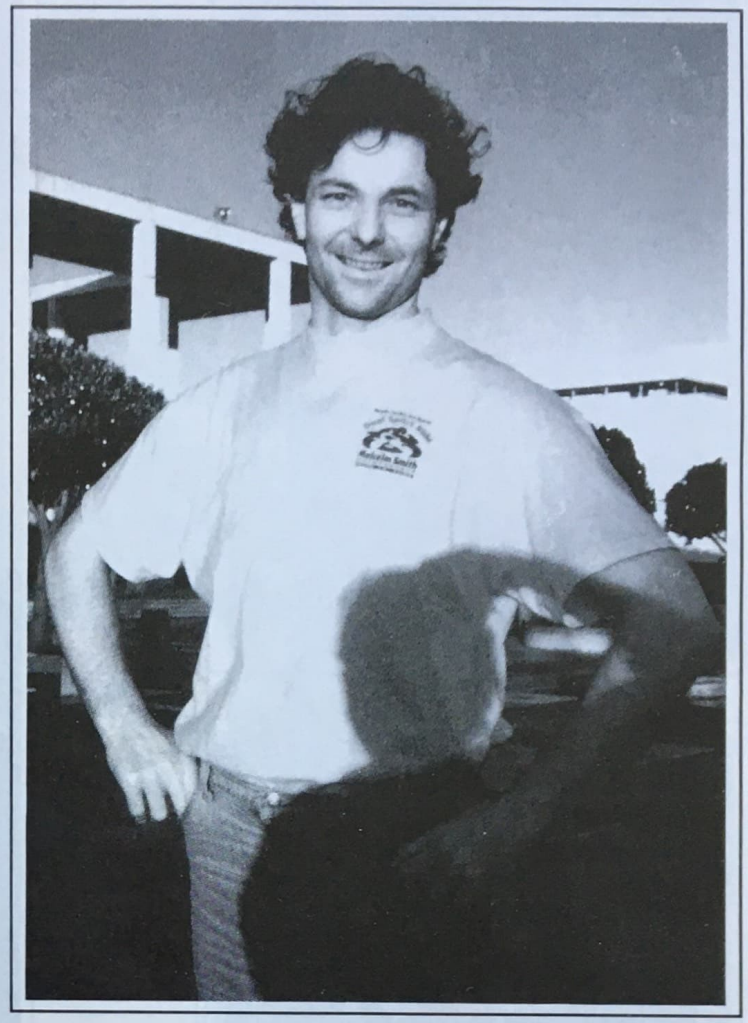
**ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA**

Send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you have a) lost a mate, b) are losing a mate, c) are a professional care-giver/counselor willing to volunteer, d) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

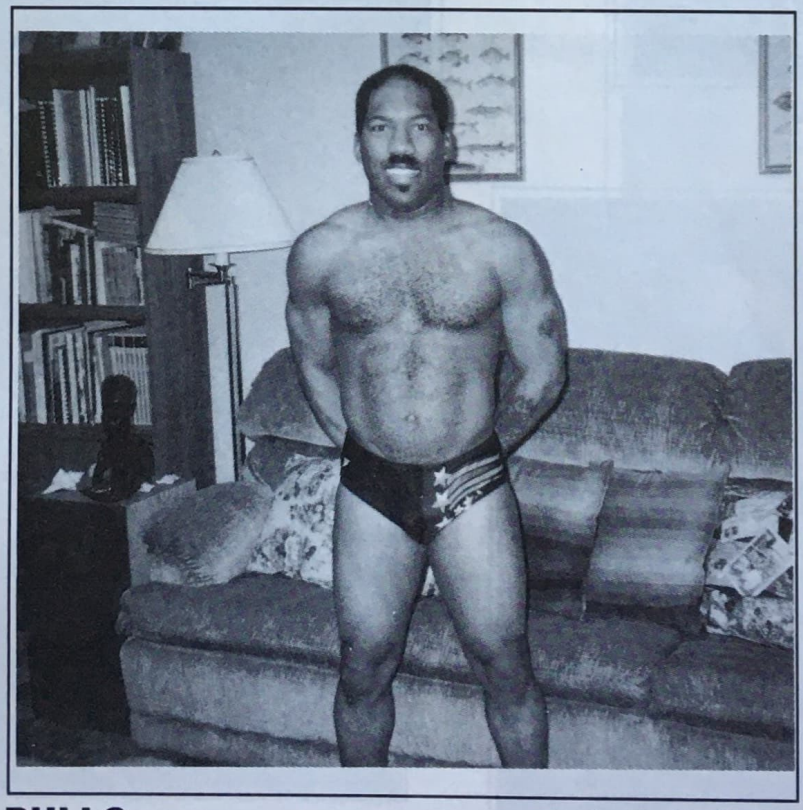
Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact. Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.



**AMANTE DEL AMOR** photo by Charly



**MARC BY THE SEA**

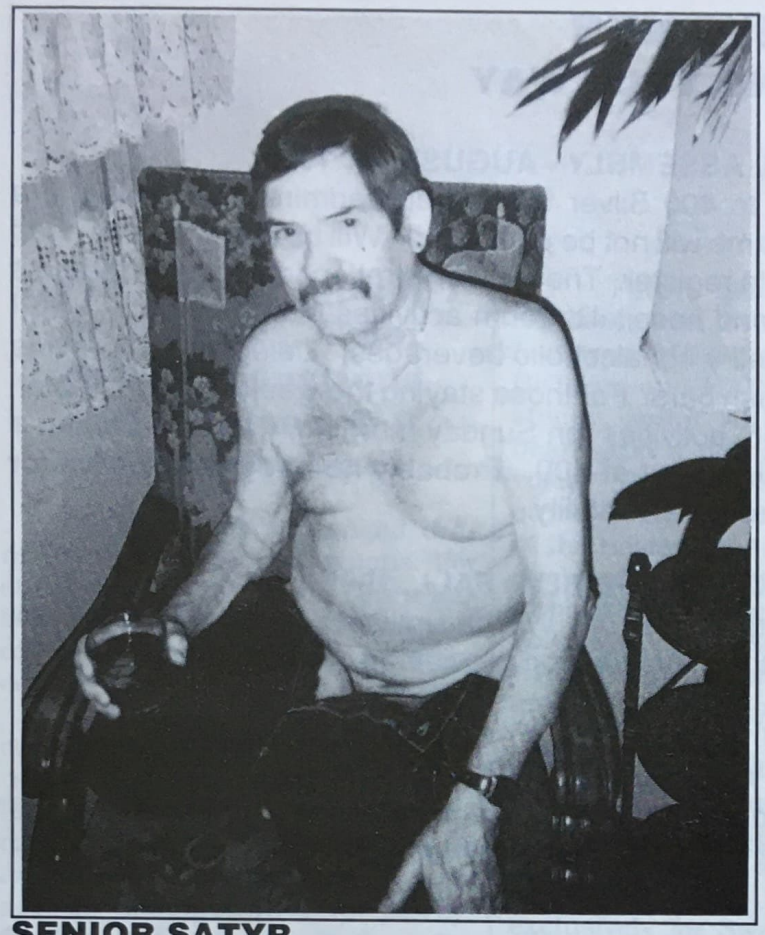


**BULLO** photo by B. Scott

**SEATTLE SCORPIO**
photo by Ken H.

**SAN DIEGO SUNSHINE**
photo by The Traveler

**GOOD DAD III** photo by Dick

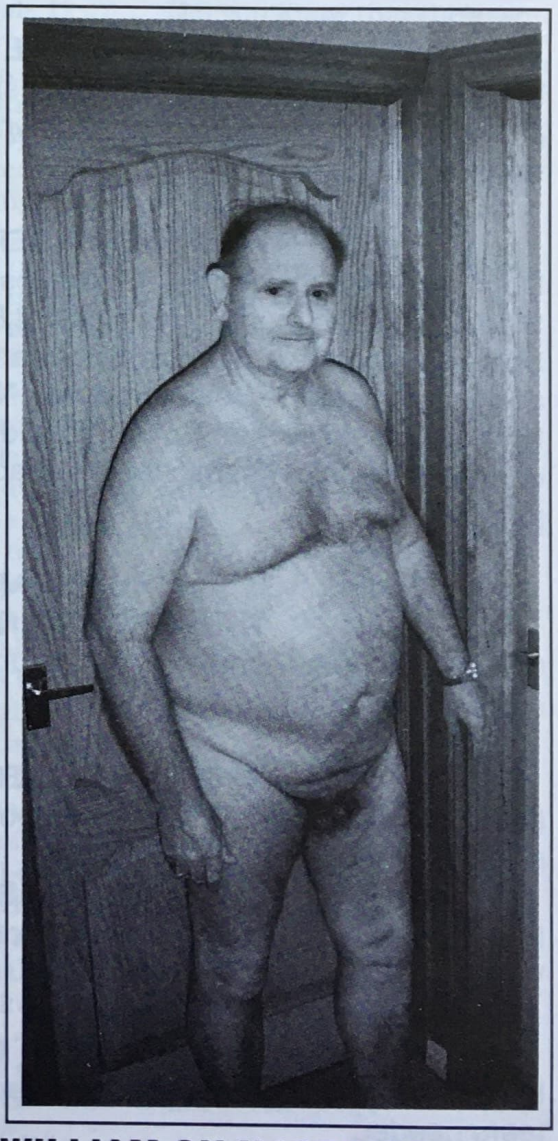


**SENIOR SATYR**

**M.G.**

**DENNY O'**

photo by Rick



**WILLIAM-ON-HASTINGS**

# CRPI EVENTS
## WE'RE COMING YOUR WAY

### THE INDIANAPOLIS REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - AUGUST 17, 1996

Write CRPI for registration form and details. Up to 400 Silver Simbas and admirers are going to a private party in SW Indianapolis at a hotel whose name will not be publicized. Will be more low-key than the Gatherings and all locals are especially invited to register. The $50 registration fee entitles delegate entry into a reception, a banquet with speakers, and hospitality room activities into the night. CRPI provides hors d'oeuvres, banquet food and hospitality nonalcoholic beverages. Delegate will provide his own alcoholic beverages from hotel-provided cash bars. For those staying the weekend at the hotel, we will provide a free breakfast and hospitality room activities on Sunday morning. Hotel is offering a special rate (under $70) for CRPI delegates. Will sell out at 400. Probably no badges available for purchase at door. Call the first of August for door sales availability.

### THE NYC SUBWAY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FALL, 1996

In serious consideration. If you are interested, write and tell us. Will be similar to Indianapolis and will take place at a first-class hotel in midtown Manhattan. Working on providing entertainment and dancing. Volunteers needed.

### THE GOLDEN GATE REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FALL/WINTER, 1996

In planning stages. If you are interested, write and tell us. Will be similar to Indianapolis and will take place at a first -class hotel near downtown. Working on providing entertainment and dancing. Volunteers needed.

### THE DOWN-UNDER REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FEBRUARY, 1997

Definite. Write for details. Delegates will be invited to join us in Sydney for an CRPI-hosted cruise to Singapore. The cruise makes port at Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns, Great Barrier Reef, Darwin, Bali and Semarang before arriving at Singapore . Prior to the cruise, we will have a two-day CRPI regional affair at a Sydney hotel to be determined. Needed: a handful of Aussie CR Mates to do coordination in return for free registration and other considerations. Possible small gathering in Singapore as well for the convenience of our subscribers in Pacific Rim Asian countries. Advise interest. See more on cruise on page 25.

### THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING AT THE RADISSON TWIN TOWERS IN ORLANDO - MAY 23-26, 1997

Contract signed. Same number of functions as in San Diego, only bigger and better. See this issue for more details and registration form.

### THE TWIN CITIES REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - SUMMER, 1997

In the planning stages for Minneapolis-St. Paul. Information available the first of 1997. Volunteers needed.

### THE TEXAS REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FALL, 1997

In the planning stages for San Antonio, Austin or Houston. Information available the first of 1997. Volunteers needed.

### THE NORTHWEST REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FALL/WINTER, 1997

In the planning stages for Seattle, Tacoma or Portland. Information available the first of 1997. Volunteers needed.

# videos with exocet

## *Swan Songs Volume I*
## 60 minutes, Color
## Swan Productions
## $59.95 plus s & h
**(see ad in this issue)**

Things have changed dramatically for Swan Productions. For staters, a new production crew has been assembled, enabling all aspects of the videos to be handled from one central location.

Their latest video shows the collective efforts of this new production team. From the very first frame I noticed a big difference. Swan's motto of providing *quality adult male entertainment featuring the mature man* is demonstrated splendidly, further distancing them from the rest of the porn pack. Their investment in hi-tech equipment and experienced personnel is quite obvious.

**"Swan Songs Volume I"** features two couples and two stories. The first, ***"The Model"*** stars trim and handsome BRIAN STONE and the ultra-debonair daddy FRENCHY from CR fame. This 'song' begins with BRIAN STONE sprawled out on a bed in his rawness, thumbing through the pages of CR. As the mellow music enhances and entrances in the background, Brian begins to fantasize about Frenchy. I don't want to give too much away, but just when you thought you'd seen this sort of flick before, a new twist is dropped on you. Brian is so hot for Frenchy that he actually *wishes* him right off of the pages and into his life. The interaction between these two is sheer magic. They make love (as opposed to bang-bang sex) with such romantic yet erotic intensity that both purists and pud-pounders will be elated. The final scene made my jaw drop.

Part II, **"Ah, Oui!"** will satisfy those who love larger men and features POLO, a 40+ bearded BIGbear, and MARCO, a short and stocky senior with white hair, a beard and a deliciously haunting voice. The opening is set rather quickly with Marco wondering about in the Boston Common on a spring weekend from Montréal. During his stroll he finds himself cruised by Polo, who, in a gesture of international friendship, offers to show him around. Later in Polo's flat, the two engage in some rather spirited frolicking, seasoned with a high degree of romance. The musical score (recorded in stereo) is a dynamic fusion of New Age, Contemporary Pop and Jazz. Superb! It was produced exclusively for Swan by recording artist Master Luke.

This is my fourth review of Swan videos, so I'm pretty much in tune with what they're hoping to accomplish. "Quadraplex," featuring ROB DADEO, is a cult classic and, given a proper worldwide marketing scheme, could be a best seller for years to come. It's as funny as some of the best Pink Panther sketches and will give hot pants to any aficionado of burly, mature men. "Mojave," another cult classic features a highly romantic tube steak duel between young ZEEK and CR's HERMAN THE GERMAN. "The Gallery," on the other hand is a radical departure from your basic porn opus. The word on the street is that guys who use videos only for masturbation don't particularly like "The Gallery," which is one sustained, artistic crescendo (a tone poem, if you will). Those who do like it swear by it, especially lovers of dramatic, classical music.

"Swan Song Volume I" is a technically brilliant re-visitation of the "Mojave" genre and features more diversity in body sizes, but I don't think that a return to any one genre means that Swan will go to a formula. There are lots of men out there with a variety of tastes, and there are quite a few men who want to see more of what's on the cutting edge. Obviously Swan intends to give all of them their money's worth.

While the Swan guys are busy working on their next offering, check out "Swan Song Volume I." I recommend it heartily!

**INSIDER STUFF**

Did you know that the associate producer of "Swan Songs Volume I," Indy Orion, is the same Indy Orion who produced several music videos within the alternative music scene? Great new talent, state-of-the-art equipment ... Who do these guys think they are?

Swan's production crew was out in force during the San Diego Gathering. CR Models DANDEE and CHUCKEE were seen entering Indy Orion's room several times. Indy was also seen packing up and heading out to a location south of the border with CR models BAMA, JOEL and THOM.

Rumors? We got them, but they haven't been confirmed. Will ROB DADEO do a sequel to "Quadraplex?" Think so, hope so! Will FREDDY GATOR do a video? Colley answers with a sad shake of his head. (Does that mean *"No"* or *"Not yet"*?) Will KARL be in a video soon? Looks good. Will BAMA and THOM be in the mysterious work-in-progress "Yucatan"? Chew on that one until I write another review.

*EXOCET is a retired naval officer who lives highly closeted in Newport Beach. He seeks no correspondence that requires a response.*

## THE INDIANAPOLIS REGIONAL ASSEMBLY
## AUGUST 17-18, 1996
## (HOTEL IDENTIFIED UPON REGISTRATION OR INQUIRY)

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the hotel directly and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are $69.00 plus tax for either a single or a double room. Each person additional, add $10 each.. Registration fee covers a Saturday reception (cash bar; CR provides hors d'oevres) from 4:00 pm to 6:30 pm, followed by a banquet from 6:30 pm to 8:00 pm with speaker (s). After the banquet, guests will retire to a "sky room" for hospitality socializing. CR will provide a buffet breakfast the following morning for those men staying over in the hotel or local registered delegates wishing to return. Full refunds for cancellations made before 6/30/96. After that date, we must assess a cancellation fee of $20 unless the initial $50 registration fee is allowed to be applied to subscription renewal or CR merchandise.

## THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING
## MAY 23-26, 1997
## RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

### THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

Radisson Twin Towers Orlando
5780 Major Blvd.
Orlando, FL 32819
Site of Gathering Three in 1993 and Gathering Five in 1995.

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling 1-(800) 327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000) and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are as follows:

Single (one person) Room: $99
Double (two persons) Room: $99
Triple (three people) Room: $109
Quad (four people) Room: $119
One Bedroom King Suite: $250
One Bedroom Executive Suite: $350
Two Bedroom Executive Suite: $450
Penthouse: $550

(Note: rates are good for three days prior and/or three days after convention dates. Rates are noncommissionable)

Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both Florida coasts are within a ninety-minute drive.

### LIST OF CR EVENTS

**Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, DJ dancing.**

**Saturday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.**

**Sunday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.**

**Monday: Farewell Breakfast**

### THE NO-HOST EVENTS

All cocktail parties and some hospitality venues will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages (except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals). We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment. CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties and receptions.

### CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Advance Registration/Sales

**The "A" Package**, including all events: $160 per person ($180 after 8/31/96; $200 after 12/31/96)

**The "B" Package**, including all events except Friday night dinner show, Saturday night dinner show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 75 per person ($80 after 8/31/96; $85 after 12/31/96)

"B" Package Add-ons:
Friday Dinner Show - $30
Saturday Dinner Show - $35
Sunday Banquet - $30
Monday breakfast - $10

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/97. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned.

Per-Meal Event Tickets and Day Passes

A limited number of per-meal event tickets and day passes will be available for sale on May 23rd and 24th at the CR sales office inside the hotel.

**The Friday Pass**, including all Friday events except the dinner show. Good from 1:00 pm through midnight. $20 per person.

The Saturday Pass, including all Saturday events except the dinner show. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person.

The Sunday Pass, including all Sunday events except the banquet. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person.

Meal Events - (subject to availability)

Friday Dinner Show - $35
Saturday Dinner Show - $40
Sunday Banquet - $35
Monday breakfast - $15 .

Cancellations made before 4/30/97 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $20. No refunds will be available after 4/30/96. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited. Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page. Those attendees purchasing day passes and meal tickets will also be required to complete and sign a registration form.

# CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
# CRPI EVENTS DIVISION
## *STANDARD REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT*

**(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)**

**NAME** _____
(please print legibly)
**ADDRESS** _____

**CITY/STATE/ZIP** _____

**COUNTRY/PROVINCE** _____

**I WISH TO BE IDENTIFIED ON MY BADGE AS**
_____

**CONVENTION** _____

**PACKAGE SELECTED** _____

**AMOUNT ENCLOSED $**_____

**I WILL _____/ WILL NOT _____ BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL**

**I WILL BE ROOMING WITH**
_____

## STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT

**1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".**

**2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.**

**3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.**

**4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.**

**5. BADGES: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.**

**6. CAMERAS: Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.**

**7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.**

**8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.**

**I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.**
**Signature:** _____
**Date:** _____

**Signature:** _____
**Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO**

**Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:**

**Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.**
**P.O. Box 2589**
**Victorville, CA 92393.**

**Call us at (619) 868-6371 if you have any questions.**

## CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM (Please order from a copy of this form and circle items requested)

### MAGAZINES

| SUBSCRIPTIONS | U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA | AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE |
|---|---|---|
| 8 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR and 2 semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS. | $50.00 | $66.00 |
| 6 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR only. | 38.00 | 50.00 |
| 4 ISSUES - 3 bimonthly issues of CR and 1 semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS. | 26.00 | 35.00 |
| 3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only. | 20.00 | 26.00 |
| CR BACK ISSUES: 58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69 | 5.00 EA | 7.00 EA |
| CRC BACK ISSUES: 2,3,4,5,6 | 5.00 EA | 7.00 EA |
| GLOSSY BACK ISSUES: CR 70,71,72,73; CRC #7,8 | 8.00 EA | 10.00 EA |

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing.

### EVENTS

| | THRU 8/31/96 | THRU 12/31/96 | THRU 4/30/97 |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8/17/96 INDY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FULL REGISTRATION | 50.00 (THRU 8/17) | N/A | N/A |
| 5/23-26/97 GATHERING '97 - ORLANDO - FULL REG. | 160.00 | 180.00 | 200.00 |
| " - "B" Package | 75.00 | 80.00 | 85.00 |

### OTHER MERCHANDISE

| | BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS |
|---|---|
| VIDEO: ORLANDO '95 (VHS-NTSC)* | 10.95 EA |
| ORLANDO '95 (VHS-PAL) | 11.95 EA |
| BOOKS BY P.H. COLLEY: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover) | 10.95 EA |
| THREE SHORT NOVELS by P.H. Colley (8-1/2 X 11, in ring binder, signed and numbered) | 29.95 EA |
| APPAREL: | |
| CAP WITH CR LOGO | 8.00 EA |
| T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL) | 17.00 EA |

| OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order) | |
|---|---|
| UPS - Continental U.S. | 5.00 per item |
| Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America | 5.00 per item |
| Air Mail Postage - Europe | 8.00 per item |
| Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim | 10.00 per item |

ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price

(* VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash (U.S.$,DM, £, ¥, C$, A$) at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY: _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

## HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

**NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #75(JUNE 96), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN JULY 10, 1996.**

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* , you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

**IMPORTANT:**

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

**SAMPLE AD ORDER**

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

59 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 17.70 X 3 Issues = $53.10
Telephone confirmation 5.00

Total Enclosed $58.10

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

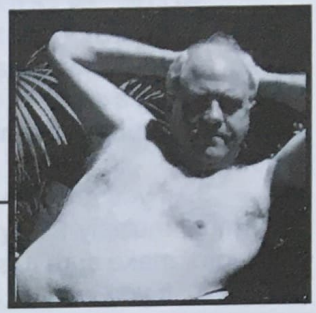
I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

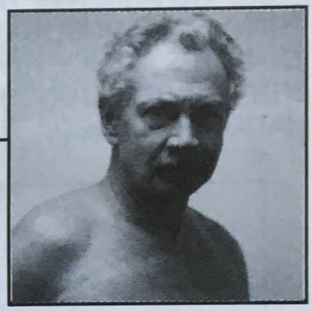
## SWAN PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

**QUADRAPLEX**
**starring**
**ROB DADEO and SYRINX**



**MOJAVE**
**starring**
**HERMAN THE GERMAN, ZEEK, and SYRINX**

**THE GALLERY**
**starring**
**AL & NICK, MOONDOG, SYRINX, and featuring the artwork of RAM**



**SWAN SONGS VOLUME I**
**starring**
**FRENCHY, BRIAN STONE, MARCO, and POLO**

Please order from a copy of this form:

| | |
|---|---|
| Quadraplex (VHS-NTSC)* | 49.95 |
| Quadraplex (VHS-PAL) | 50.95 |
| Mojave (VHS-NTSC) | 59.95 |
| Mojave (VHS-PAL) | 60.95 |
| The Gallery (VHS-NTSC) | 59.95 |
| The Gallery (VHS-PAL) | 60.95 |
| Swan Songs Volume I (VHS-NTSC) | 59.95 |
| Swan Songs Volume I (VHS-PAL) | 60.95 |
| Add: Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price | |
| Add Shipping and Handling (circle one): | |
| Certified Mail to U.S. P.O. Boxes (where legal only) | 7.00 each |
| UPS - Continental U.S. | 5.00 each |
| Priority Mail - HI, AK, PR, USVI; First Class - Canada, Mexico, Cen./So. America | 5.00 each |
| Air Mail Postage - Europe | 8.00 each |
| Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim | 10.00 each |

* - NTSC format is used in the U.S., Canada, Japan and South America. PAL is used in Europe and Australia.

NOTE: IN ARIZONA, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, MISSISSIPPI, NEBRASKA, NORTH CAROLINA, PUERTO RICO, SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE, TEXAS, UTAH, AND U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS, WE SHIP TO ESTABLISHED CUSTOMERS ONLY. IF YOU HAVE NEVER PURCHASED FROM CR OR SWAN BEFORE, YOU MUST BE REFERRED TO US BY AN ESTABLISHED CUSTOMER WHO WILL VOUCH FOR YOU.

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on _____, and I am fully aware that the above products contain sexually explicit material. I hereby request the above material for the purposes of entertainment and or education in the privacy of my own home, and have no intent of exposing same to anyone under the age of 18 or anyone not wishing to view it. I certify that I am not a postal inspector or law enforcement official. Signature:_____

Name: (Print) _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas - no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to SWAN. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to: SWAN PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. (4864 Luna, Phelan)

*Bereavement.* It's something we all have in common now or will have in the future. Most of us would rather go about our lives avoiding the subject, but many of us know that preparation for the inevitable is tantamount to storing one's own blood for future surgery. People who store their blood attain an element of peace of mind prior to the surgery and great relief afterward. Those couples who draw up wills, powers of attorney and funeral arrangements while they are still healthy also attain peace of mind. It's done, now forget it and fall back on it when that awful day comes. Imagine torture on top of hell: trying to deal with all the legal matters, your partner's family, pets and basic survival as you move around in a state of shock. And that's only the first day or so. The tsunami of psychic devastation and physical pain is only hours away.

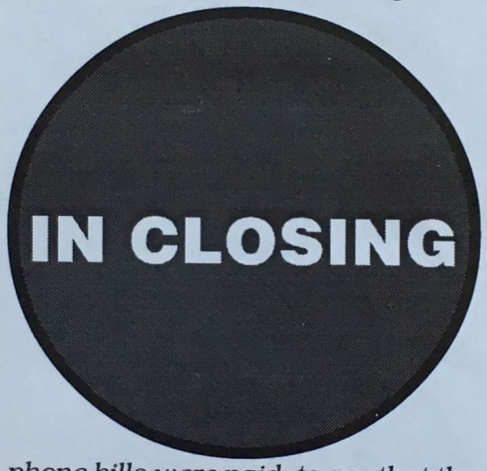
We've followed the bereavement processes of men like SIERRA FRANK and NORTH BAY JIM in these pages, and we've learned a lot. But now NORTH BAY JIM offers some answers on his own. He's one of the few survivors who go out of their way to share their experiences.

NORTH BAY JIM offers some ideas which are not going to be easy to implement, but we at CR want to try. His words, written just before RANGER AL passed away:

*March 5, 1996*

*Dear Pat,*

*I just got off the phone with BEAR CUB. His grieving has already begun. I suggested that he hold off on that just now. Al is still with us. My heart goes out to them. I let him know that with Jim, we grieved together while he was alive. This brought us closer. BEAR CUB needs to know that we are there for him. I gave him my number and he can call me whenever he wants, but if he doesn't, I will check back with him. One point I would like to make is: let the bereaved know that there are people who can not only listen but help too. I found it almost impossible to put death certificates in the letters to Jim's creditors, or clean out his closet. The bereaved sometimes need someone to remind them that it is time to go food shopping or to vacuum. What I wouldn't have given for a friend to come over and help with just opening the mail. Also, I suspect that most partners are used to the two incomes. Why couldn't CR have a discretionary fund for those who need a temporary stop gap? If I knew of such a fund, I would donate in the name of my mate. People who read CR are dying every day, and those surviving spouses need special attention by those of us who have experience with it. I think CR should take a closer look at this. We, the widowers, are vulnerable and need some trustworthy soul to come into our homes and help out with finding numbers for grief counseling or determining where to call to stop the harassment by all the people who dealt with the deceased, to ask whether the gas or phone bills were paid, to see that the laundry is done—the nuts and bolts of living. The grief-stricken are incapable of dealing with that sort of thing. They need a direction to go, a path out of the nightmare. Time is the only balm, and we need to make sure they have the time. Those of us who are grieving have our heads in heaven with our mates and are prime candidates for abuse. The survivors are special people and need looking after—a network, if you will, of people who are in the vicinity who can check in on them regularly. The only thing that kept me going is the fact that maybe I would get a letter the next day from someone who understood. This was all I lived on literally for two months, and I still need to get letters, as they diminish my heartache. This small network or hotline could be made up of healing survivors, because they are the only ones who know how it feels to continue on without their loved ones. The general CR population doesn't need to know everything, just that it is there when needed. Everyone who is in love will go through this, and there are those of us who are willing to help, who care, who understand. Helping others heal helps us heal too. Please call me if I can help in any way. With love and respect. NORTH BAY JIM*




Upon reading Jim's letter, my first reaction was dismay. Is there anything more important than the issue of bereavement? Who will I get to start a network? Where will the time come from? How much money will it cost to get this off the ground? My second reaction was one of determination. This network WILL be implemented, because I'll take the first step and hope like crazy that enough men follow.

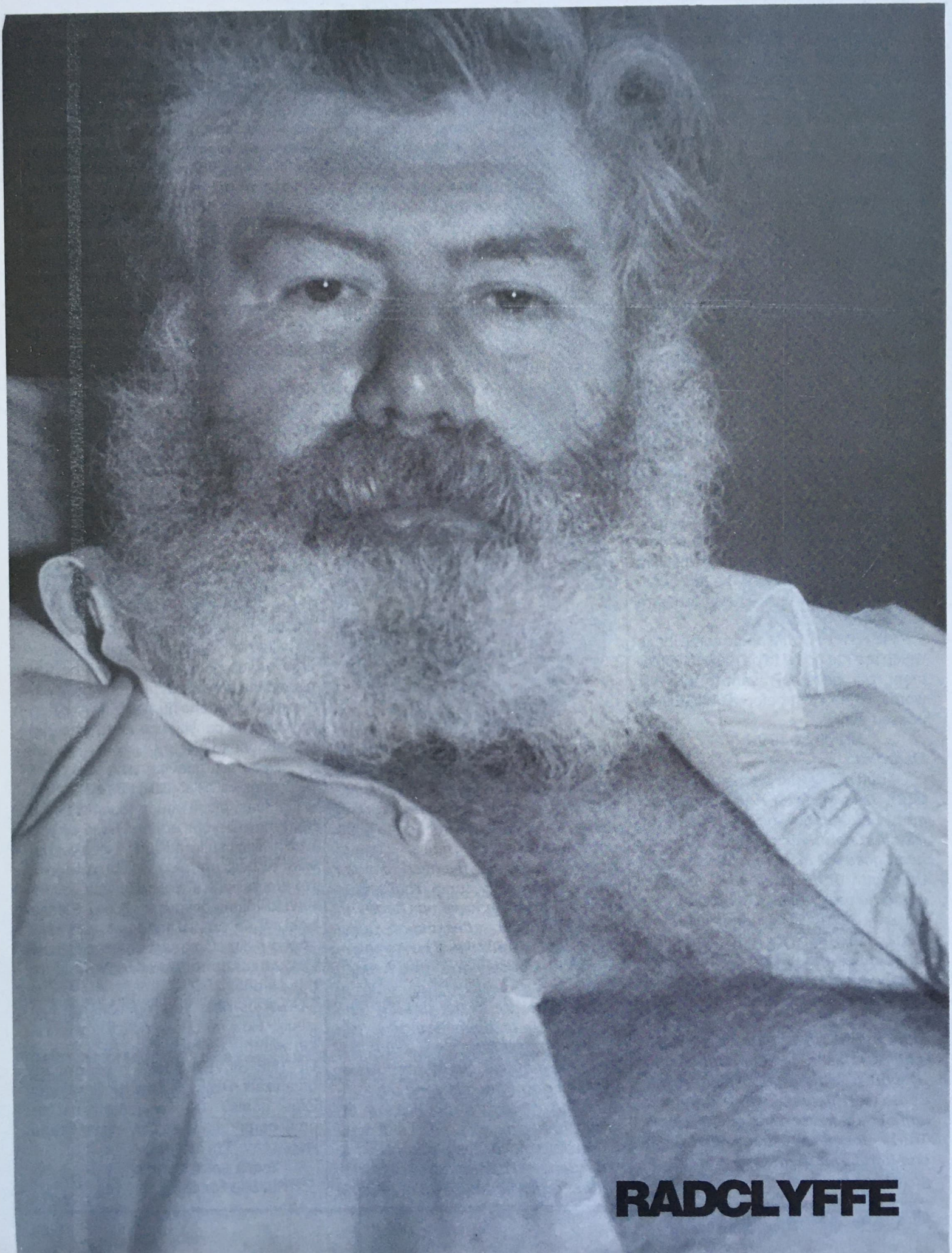
If you have suffered the loss of a mate in your lifetime, please volunteer as a supporter in your region by joining THE ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA. There are no dues, no mailing lists. You and all other volunteers in your area will be called only when a CR reader in your area needs help, and you will be furnished the bereaved man's name, location and telephone number. It will be up to your own conscience as to what aid you choose to give.

If you are grieving now and need help, contact CR at (619) 868-6371. We will at least place you in touch with the right men in your area. Those of you who haven't suffered such a loss yet but wish to help are also welcome to join. No professionals please unless you intend to volunteer your services. Please hold off on any donations to CR until after our directors meet and decide how best to set up a discretionary fund for this purpose.

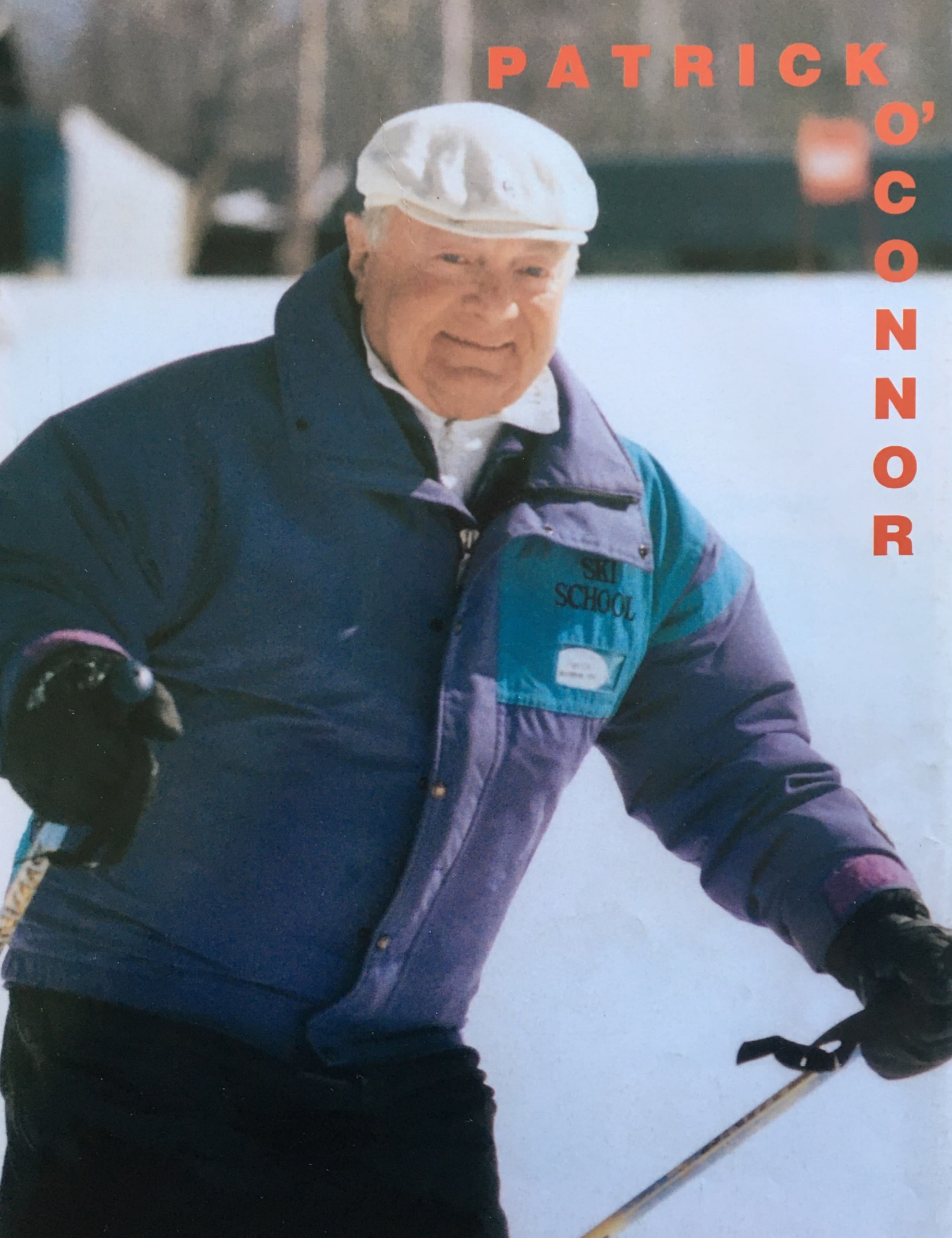
Let us hear your opinions on this issue. How far do we go? Do we create with the formation of THE ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA a benevolent organization which will work toward even loftier goals? Do we create a not for profit corporation. As Dr. Frazier Crane would say, "I'm listening."

Have a great summer ...

Pat and Bruce


RADCLYFFE

STEVE FORREST


PATRICK O'CONNOR
SKI
SCHOOL